

AMERICA'S WEEKLY

FOR RADIO LISTENERS

# Radio Guide

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15, 1934

5¢

Volume III,  
Number 37

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR - ANY TIME - DAY OR NIGHT



Jeanie Lang

## *In This Issue:*

"ROXY"  
THE TRIUMPH  
OF AN AMAZING  
RADIO CAREER

RADIO GOES  
TO THE YACHT  
CUP RACES

BURIED ALIVE  
—THRILLING  
RADIO DRAMA  
FROM LIFE

WEEK'S COMPLETE  
PROGRAMS START  
ON PAGE TWELVE



North Kansas City



AMERICA'S WEEKLY

FOR RADIO LISTENERS

# Radio Guide

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15, 1934

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR - ANY TIME - DAY OR NIGHT

5¢

Volume III,  
Number 42

*In This Issue:*

"ROXY"  
THE TRIUMPH  
OF AN AMAZING  
RADIO CAREER

RADIO GOES  
TO THE YACHT  
CUP RACES

BURIED ALIVE  
-THRILLING  
RADIO DRAMA  
FROM LIFE

WEEK'S COMPLETE  
PROGRAMS START  
ON PAGE TWELVE



Jeanie Lang



World-Telegram & Sun



# Voice of the Listener

## Pro and Con-rad

Dear VOL:

Brooklyn, N. Y.

In a recent issue of RADIO GUIDE, Mary E. Lamber's letter interested me immensely. Not only did I enjoy the beautiful way she expressed her feelings but also the perfect description of Conrad Thibault's singing. I heartily agree with her that he is a true artist.



However my favorite air artist is Jerry Baker and he certainly deserves praise. His voice is exquisitely clear and beautiful and he is capable of singing any type of song.

I also agree with Miss Lamber that it is quite annoying to hear a singer become over-dramatic.

Evelyn Schnoll

## Wilda-bout Bands

Dear VOL:

Susanville, Cal.

I was very pleased to have you start printing the theme songs of the bands. I am interested in the doings of the bands and like your Bandstand and Baton section very much. I just read a statement in a magazine that Ted Fierito has a miniature white piano on which is inscribed the autographs of 2,000 admirers.

I wish you would get the information and a picture of it.

Wilda Smith

## Waller in Harmony

Dear VOL:

I'm wondering how many of the listeners have discovered the "Fats Waller Rhythm Club." I'm quite sure if you have the blues nothing seems to matter and if you'll tune in on Fats Waller Thursday evenings you'll lose them and feel ten years younger, believe me.

In these days of wispy-washy classical music it's a relief to find music with the old-time pep and swing. And should any sponsors read this I hope it will inform them that all listeners are not symphony and hillbilly addicts.

Marie O'Brien

## Betty and Babble

Dear VOL:

Chicago, Ill.

In listening to "Betty and Bob" recently, I was glad to hear at least five minutes of the program. The program started at 3 p. m. and the announcer spoke for three minutes of the time. Betty Crocker and the announcer took the remaining seven minutes. I have been a listener to "Betty and Bob" since it started and am wondering how many people are still listening to the program as it is so commercialized.

Mrs. Jeanette Ruhl

## Those Fan Answers

Dear VOL:

Pleasant Hill, Ill.

So many times the question, "Do stars answer their fan mail?" has been asked. As I am making a collection of photographs and autographs, I am in a position to give an answer. I find that most of them do.

My first fan letter was sent to Kate Smith many years ago and she obliged with a photograph. Recently I have had personal letters from Ruth Etting, Connie Gates, Bing Crosby, Irene Rich, Irene Beasley, Annette Hanshaw and several others. I have received personally signed pictures from many of the stars.

Only my favorite maestro, Eddie Duchin, fails to answer my numerous requests, but I'll get him yet!

Jess Hoaglin



This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters to VOL editor, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. You are urged to send in your photograph when writing.

## Unravelin' Kavelin

Dear VOL:

New York, N. Y.

It is thrilling to come across a dance orchestra that plays its music with pronounced originality, quiet charm and amazing diversity. I find these attributes invariably characteristic of Al Kavelin's music in his daily broadcasts from the Lexington Hotel in New York.

No shrieky, brassy effects. His smooth languor-

ous rhythms are infinitely more appealing than the conventional sax, trumpetish blares. Kavelin's pianist ranks, to my mind, with the best super-Duchins in the musical world. I love his arpeggi and improvisations.

I am particularly fond of Kavelin's romantic, native manner of rendering tangos, rumbas and cariocas.

Masha Toschi

## But Would They Listen?

Do radio listeners in the United States want one-fourth of all radio stations to broadcast nothing but educational material, prepared by the colleges of the nation?

Certain educational interests are trying very hard to bring this state of affairs about. At present, it does not seem justified. In the mass, Americans are more interested in education than are the people of any other nation. But they do not want education thrust down their throats—or into their ears.

If colleges can make educational programs so interesting that people will listen to them in preference to other programs, then those colleges can have all the time they want, on the air, right now. Sponsors are clamoring to discover programs that listeners will prefer. But if, on the other hand, colleges cannot make educational programs to which people want to listen—why should one radio station out of every four be set aside for the broadcasting of material to which people won't listen?

You can't prevent a listener from dialing out a program that bores him. You can't force education on a nation.

No one has found a way of making the three "R's" attractive enough to overcome the lure of a good radio drama, or the broadcast of a symphony orchestra, or of good popular music. But there are types of educational programs to which the public does respond—and these programs are available today.

No college has funds to compete successfully with the commercial stations in sugar-coating educational subjects—to wit: The broadcasting of the Metropolitan Opera, the several fine symphony orchestras, dramatizations of history such as "Roses and Drums", or "The Farm and Home Hour", or the airing of sessions of Congress. A series of such programs would deplete quickly the endowment funds of the richest colleges.

Last year more than \$200,000,000 was spent on broadcasting, a very large portion of an educational nature. The National Broadcasting Company now devotes more than twenty percent of its time to highly educational features. The Columbia Broadcasting System runs a little higher.

The country's foremost educators all are agreed upon the usefulness of radio as an educational medium, but many of them are equally certain that a method of broadcasting academic subjects effectively, has not been discovered.

Dr. Frederick Robinson, president of The College of the City of New York, has conducted an extensive research in this field. He once said that only those subjects which lend themselves to dramatization or interesting narration could hope to succeed.

It seems to us, in view of the number of stations that could be eliminated without hurting broadcasting, that the educators should solve their own problem of broadcasting academic material before their demands for twenty-five percent of the available broadcast wave lengths be given serious consideration. They failed in their stewardship of the frequencies allotted them in years gone by. In 1922 there were seven colleges broadcasting; in 1923 there were seventy-seven colleges on the air, and today there are only twenty-seven.

What reason have they for asking for the assignment of one hundred and fifty broadcast wave lengths, when so little has been accomplished with those they have?

## From Her to Hymn

Dear VOL:

Bellefontaine, Ohio

I would like to speak a word for my favorite, Bradley Kincaid. I would rather hear him than all the Bing Crosbys, Joe Penners and Eddie Cantors you could put on the air.

I enjoy his Monday morning programs of church hymn and wish he would devote three or four days to hymns instead of one day. I heard a radio star sing one of Bradley's favorite mountain ballads over WAIU recently and he didn't sing it nearly as good as Bradley.

No matter how blue or cross you feel in the morning you forget all about it after listening to Bradley.

I can hardly wait until he is back.

Edna E. Lowe



## More Trust Breaking

Dear VOL:

Clarendon Hills, N. Y.

Recently I heard a performance on the air of Wagner's Parsifal. As you know, the composer did not wish this great work to leave the Fatherland. It seems very incredible to me that this man's sacred trust should be infringed upon after such generous contributions of his great talent.

Oscar von Briesen

## Turn Over a New Leaf

Dear VOL:

Winfield, L. I., N. Y.

This is not exactly a complaint but just a suggestion to a once-famous organist, Ann Leaf. Formerly her music, such as ballads, could not be questioned for beauty in tone and at that time I would have gladly lost a day's work in order not to miss her program. But now—a continuous lot of noise in her nimble fingers causes not only myself but my friends to tune her out when she comes on with her expressions of opera music. There is no variation in her programs. You'd hardly know it was the once-famous Ann Leaf.

James H. Dunmore

## Strange Interlude

Dear VOL:

Birmingham, Ala.

I've searched RADIO GUIDE for honorable mention of Clyde Lucas and his California Dons, who, in my opinion, are the best orchestra on the air. Also some mention of Lyn Lucas who sings their vocals. He can't be beat. Since June 30, I've missed only three of their broadcasts and they are on the air every night. Isn't that something of a record? Their marimba numbers, their seven singing violins and the announcing of Romeo Vincent are only a few of the reasons why their orchestra is my favorite.

Ruth B. Strange

## Abusin' Illusion

Dear VOL:

Los Angeles, Calif.

May I direct your attention to one of the cardinal sins of radio—the studio audience? Bigtime performers say they must have an audience in front of them, so they get their audience. And that's what it is—THEIR audience.



The REAL audience, a mere matter of several million listeners, is entirely neglected by the big boys. As a result, they clown for their studio audience's reaction, and the whole thing is lost to the blind tuners in. Anyway, smart performers, unlike small boys, should be heard and never seen. It spoils the illusion nine cases out of ten to see what your microphone favorite really looks like.

John Lugin



# Cupward Ho!

By Fred Champion

When the International Yacht Races Are Held for the Prized Cup and the Glory of Victory, Beginning September 15, They Will Be Covered by the Most Far-Reaching Broadcast in Radio History



Fred Gade, millionaire sportsman, who will augment the NBC announcers

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent, months of work have been devoted to obtaining and perfecting equipment—all to the point that the greatest maritime sporting event on the yearly calendar, the International Yacht Races, may be brought to radio listeners in complete and thrilling detail.

From the air, reporters will give accounts of the races as they circle above the competing yachts. On the water, cutters will carry details of the contest from specially built transmitting stations. A listener sitting in his home with the races tuned in, may be able thereby to get a many-sided picture of the races not possible to spectators on the scene anywhere along the thirty-mile course. Furthermore, a carefully selected and unusually well-versed group of yachting experts have been hired to bring the races to your living-room. Truly, radio's part in the coming event represents in many ways the broadcasting feat of the year.

Ever since the trials began early in June, the engineers of both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System have been wrestling with the trying problems of rigging up equipment and arranging a suitable background for a letter-perfect, audible report of the 83-year-old event.

To augment a regular corps of trained sports announcers, NBC conducted a series of strange auditions, in which forty millionaires—count 'em—vied for the honor of becoming a nautical radio reporter. Some of the best known persons in the financial world, who are social leaders and skippers of racing yachts as well, went through the voice and diction tests, with the audition chiefs sitting in judgment of vocal and descriptive qualifications.

Pay, of course, was no incentive to the society sportsmen. The group of yachting enthusiasts volunteered their services in the interests of accuracy and the desire to prevent erroneous descriptions from being broadcast.

As this is being written, only one millionaire skipper has successfully passed the microphone test. He is Fred Gade, a social registerite, and he will be progressively stationed at strategic positions along the racing course when the races get under way.

Frederick Gade, or "Fred" Gade as he is known in yachting circles, is a yachtsman of long experience, and is rated as one of the crack skippers of America. One can safely say that he was born, bred and brought up to the salt water and the sailing of sloops. He is supremely happy in anything that floats, and spends all of his spare time, when he is free from his Wall Street office, in yachting. He has sailed, raced and cruised in national and international competition. Since he was a youngster he has manned all types of boats from dinghys to eight-meter craft, one of which he owns. The New York Yacht Club is authority for the statement that the National Broadcasting Company has



Sail Plan that will enable listeners to follow accurately the changes in rigging made by both contenders while the races are on (Courtesy of Ian McKean, marine architect)

chosen in him a man of proven ability with a lifetime of yachting experience.

"Of course it's great fun discussing the yacht races over the air," said Gade to this Radio Guide reporter, "but I've accepted the task primarily in order to prevent some of the grievous past errors from cropping up again. I believe that the American public is becoming more yacht-minded than ever, and they must be given a square deal in acquainting them with what is occurring out there in the open sea.

"Yachting is a wonderful sport, the true blue ribbon amateur sport of the nation. *Yankee*, *Endeavor* and *Rainbow* are grand boats. Their aggregate cost is in the vicinity of two million dollars. The pair that race should put up an immortal struggle."

Mr. Gade, of course, would not predict the winner. He did, however, make one significant remark. "I'm happy that Mr. Sopwith did not give in to the professional crew which struck on him when he needed them most. He has a great crew of amateurs aboard now, and in my estimation they are as capable as any crew assembled for the races. The day of the professional in yachting is about over. Soon every sloop will be completely manned by amateur sportsmen. It will be a radical departure, but it will work. Of that I am positive."

The Challenger, *Endeavour*, owned and commanded by T. O. M. Sopwith, the wealthy British airplane manufacturer

NBC will broadcast six times a day over the coast-to-coast networks every day the races are run. In addition, the broadcasts will be relayed by short-wave to the BBC, so



The Rainbow, cup defender, owned and skippered by Commodore Harold S. Vanderbilt

that English listeners may follow the yachts as they vie for top honors. The voices of announcers Bill Lundell and Ben Grauer will describe the tactical maneuvers of the challenging *Endeavour* and the defending. Rod Stephens, internationally famous naval architect and yachtsman, has been hired to command one of the mike positions aboard an NBC Coast Guard cutter, which will keep abreast of the racing yachts.

The start of each race will be broadcast from 11:15 a. m. to 12 noon EDT, over the networks of WJZ-WEAF. The progress of the yachts as they round Brenton Reef Lightship will be broadcast over the WEAF network at 1:30, 2:15 and 4:15 p. m., and over WJZ at 3:30 p. m. The results of each day's race will be heard over both NBC networks at about 4:30 p. m.

Columbia has not been outdone in the matter of elaborate preparations for reporting the races. The United States Coast Guard has cooperated with CBS, and engineers are now building a short-wave transmitting station on one of the cutters which will patrol the course. CBS will also use a special plane which will cruise above the competing yachts. Ted Husing, ace CBS sports announcer, will give the listeners a description of the match from the air.

Herbert L. Stone, editor of the magazine *Yachting*, who is considered one of the foremost authorities on the subject in the United States, has been signed to head the CBS announcing staff.

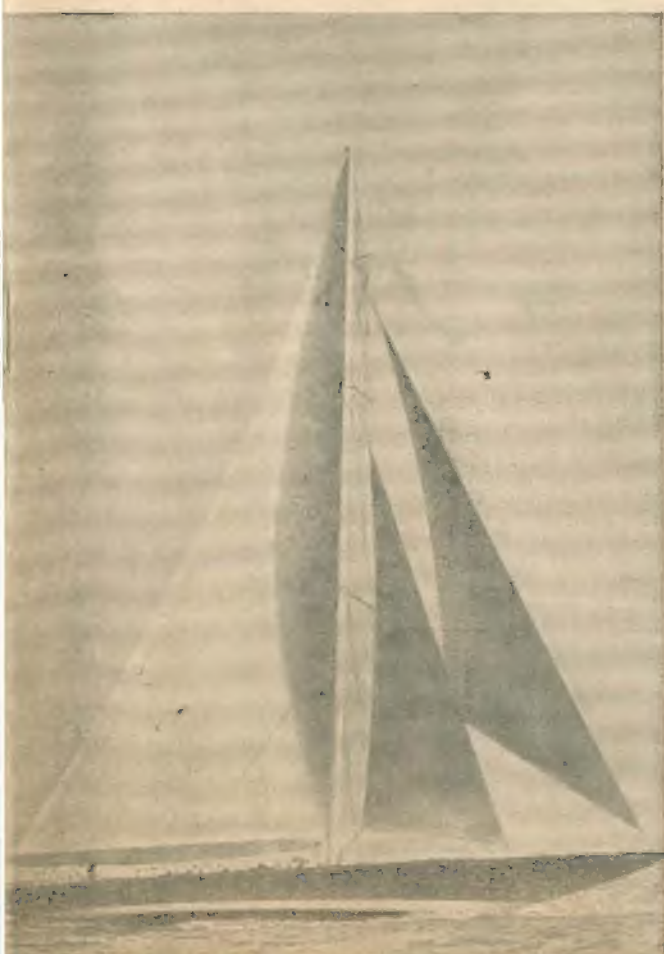
A "cue" station has been erected by Columbia at Sakonet Point, where Paul White, head of the Special Events department, will direct the CBS broadcasts. White will be in constant communication with both the cutter and the plane, and will signal the announcers when to start and when to stop their portions of the program. The voices from the plane and the cutter will be transmitted by short wave to Sakonet Point, and relayed to the studios of WABC by telephone lines, from which point they will be sent out over the Columbia network.

Interest in the International Cup Races has mounted tremendously since radio started to play such an important part in reporting the famous maritime event. Sports-loving American fans, entirely unfamiliar with yachting terms and tactics, are nevertheless vitally interesting in the sporting struggle that gets under way September 15.

The American Defense candidates had a thrilling time in the elimination heats to determine the ultimate defender. The *Yankee*, commanded by Charles Francis Adams, held a slight early edge in the trial heats over the *Rainbow*, commanded by Commodore Harold S. Vanderbilt. The *Westmore* made a gallant showing, but could not keep up with her elimination rivals.

The *Rainbow*, however, showed her heels to the *Yankee*, making her the inevitable choice to defend the cup. The challenging *Endeavour*, commanded by T. O. M. Sopwith, millionaire British airplane manufacturer, is conceded to have one of the best chances of lifting the cup since the late Sir Thomas Lipton took up the hopeless task many years ago.

The *Endeavour* is equipped (Continued on Page 21)





# The Ten Year Plan

By Lew C. Barrison

The nervous sharp staccato style of John B. Kennedy, rated as one of radio's foremost reporters, commentators and showmen, is not the usual outward expression of a patient man. Seated behind his big walnut desk in the quiet intimacy of his Radio City office, this pioneer radio showman shows in face-to-face intimacy a little suspected, placid studious streak in his make-up which, coupled with his external evidences of aggressiveness, accounts for his success as a radio premier interviewer.

It was in connection with this latter role that he will assume, on the new "City Party" series which makes its radio debut September 15 over a WJZ chain of the NBC network, that we went to see him. We discovered that this new program was the realization of a dream of a decade ago.

To turn back the pages of time to that prophetic night in 1924 when radio, figuratively speaking, was in the horse and buggy stage of evolution—a group of notables were gathered in the old studios of WJZ, then located in Aeolian Hall, on Forty-Second Street. Practically all of those present are still in some way connected with broadcasting, several having risen to considerable heights on the ladder of radio fame. Among the group were Norman Brokenshire, Milton J. Cross, Keith McLeod, Louis Reid, Bertha Brainard, and last but by no means least, John B. Kennedy.

The reason for Kennedy's presence was that his staccato voice had just "signed off" the Collier's Hour, of which he was the combined announcer, commentator and producer. And for the benefit of those whose memories do not go back ten years of broadcasting, let it be said here that this program was about the most popular on the air at the time.

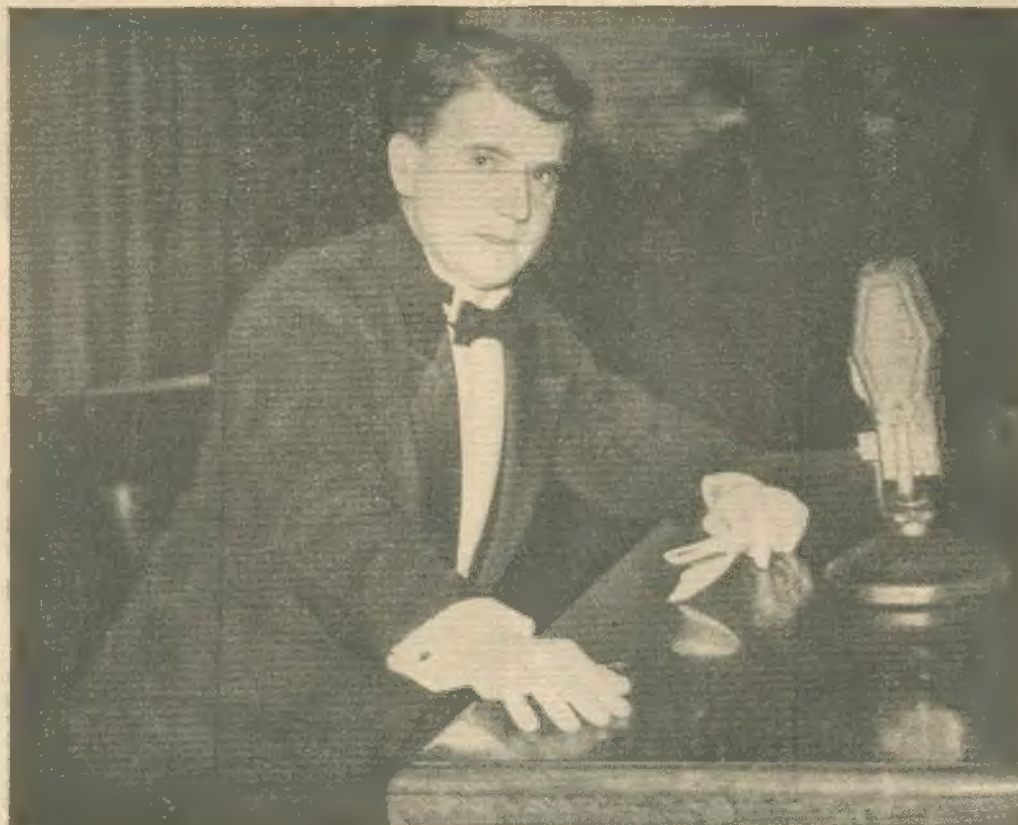
"What's the idea of the prayer meeting?" boomed Kennedy's voice as he entered the studio. "I thought Sunday night would find all of you good folks in church," he added with a sly wink at Brokenshire, who even then had acquired the reputation of being a typical minister's son.

Miss Brainard took it upon herself to inform him. It seemed that a prospective sponsor wanted a radio program—"it must be something new—something different." How many times these words have been repeated since! A novel musical program had been worked up and had met with the approval of the client, but he still wanted an idea—a feature—a high spot—that could be injected into the middle of that musical show, and that would make the entire production not only entertaining but also interesting—and in general lift it from mediocrity to prominence. "That should be easy," snapped Kennedy. Several scornful glances were shot his way by those who had been pondering on the subject for several hours. He then went on to outline an idea that has taken ten years to materialize.

Reduced to a minimum of words, Kennedy's idea of a good high spot feature centered around the performers themselves. "The American public," he explained to the group, "is tremendously interested in the lives of those who achieve prominence in any field of endeavor—whether it be entertainment, politics, science or sports. Right in radio are scores of persons whom the audience has heard on the air, read about in the press, and even seen on the stage. These stars hold the interest of the listener—their lives are colorful, their careers are success stories that everyone—man, woman and child—likes to hear. Why not," concluded Kennedy, "let the radio audience hear from the lips of the stars themselves, the stories by which they are so intrigued?"

For some reason, Kennedy's suggestion was not adopted at that time, mainly because none of the group could think of a person capable of doing full justice to the stories to be drawn from the stars. Little did they realize that the man who made the suggestion was one

**Conceived in a Studio Discussion Ten Years Ago, John B. Kennedy's Plan for a Monumental Broadcast Is About to Go on the Air—Now that Broadcasting and the Listening Audience Are Ready for It. Tune in on the "City Party" Program, WJZ Network, September 15, for the Full Appreciation of the Plan Here Described**



John B. Kennedy, as he looks when he broadcasts his unique new program. Note the studiousness of his face, and the latent aggressiveness—characteristics proven by every phase of his career

of the few men in the field capable of doing the interviews and not missing a single point of interest.

In the ten years that have elapsed since John B. Kennedy originally offered his suggestion, he has become more closely affiliated with radio, and more has been learned by the radio span of his long experience and unusual qualifications to carry out his suggestion. Hence the realization of a ten-year-old dream to be presented as "The Radio City Party".

In discussing his early days in the newspaper field, John B. Kennedy said to this writer: "The first man I ever interviewed was a murderer. He had killed a postmaster and he had been caught—when he had a fine chance to get clear—while drinking—what?—an ice-cream soda. They took him to the hoosegow, which was my daily port of call because I was keeping tab on a town drunk who was taken up by a young cop the same time every night. The cop's name, I should add, was Amato, and I hope he's alive and healthy now, because he was every inch a gentleman. The jailkeeper told me about this man arrested for murder, so I went in to see him. He was pallid, a large man, but flabby. "You seem to be in a bad way," I said to him.

"Brother," he said—and I'll never forget his empty eyes as he said it: "I'm glad I'm here."

"He told me why. This was in a day—and not so very long ago—when the word racket was more related to tennis than to crime. This self-confessed murderer told me he was glad to be arrested, to have his written to his career, because he had been living from week to

week for three years after his first serious crime, a bank hold-up, in deadly fear of discovery. Now it was settled.

"That's all the interview was; but it made a sensation."

Kennedy's next interview, curiously enough, was with another murderer. In a little town a housewife had been killed. Her husband had his workshop near his home, about a mile and a half away. Each day he walked from the workshop to his home for lunch.

One day, instead of eating lunch, he raised an alarm that his wife had been killed, as, indeed, she had. Tramps were known to be in the vicinity, and the killing was blamed on one of these.

"I worked for a very shrewd city editor," Kennedy related, "who read this item in his daily news report. He sent me up to see what I could find out about the crime.

"It was simple. I figured that as his wife had been murdered between his going to work and coming home to lunch, I would like to know more about where he was and what he did in that space of time—nine in the morning to say, twelve-fifteen in the afternoon.

But I had not the slightest idea of how to go about quizzing people. I had read 'Sherlock Holmes' and Edgar Wallace. But I didn't smoke a pipe. So I hit upon the very simple technique of asking everybody I met. The first man I met was the man who sent that self-made widower to the death chamber.

"I met an Irish road-mender. "Quite by chance, because I could think of no other question, I asked him if the man was polite or surly. 'An unpleasant man,' said the Irish roadmaker. Then unsolicited, 'Funny, he changed his suit the day of the murder'.

"Then I pressed him. The woman's husband had worn a grey suit to work with. When he returned to his factory after lunch he wore a brown suit. That was enough."

Since those two experiences I have interviewed more celebrities or notorious persons—from the Prince of Wales and the Pope to Al Capone and Legs Diamond, from Madame Curie to Mae West—than any other reporter.

I've often been asked the technique of interviewing. It was best illustrated, I think, when I had the most important interview of my life, with the late Doctor Charles W. Elliot, for more than forty years President of Harvard, and the greatest living American oracle at the time. He was ninety-three years old, and a little disinclined to be disturbed. But I told him that I had come to get from him his final message to the American people.

"Why should I give a final message?" Elliot said. "Because there are twenty-five millions of American youth eager to hear your last message," I told him.

"He smiled. And we chatted—and he gave me the famous Elliot interview, with its final message to America. This was it: 'If all you can think of is yourself, you are in a bad way'. The Sermon on the Mount is essential simplicity.

"And why did he give this interview? Because he knew he had an audience.

"That is why all interviews are given," concluded Kennedy.

RADIO GUIDE, Volume III, Number 47, Week Ending September 15, 1934. Issued weekly by RADIO GUIDE, Inc., 551 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., February 24, 1932, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1934 by RADIO GUIDE, Inc. All rights reserved. Executive, Editorial, Advertising, Circulation and Business offices, 425 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. Eastern advertising office, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. M. L. Ansonberg, President and Publisher; Herbert Kraneer, 1st V. P. and Gen. Mgr.; R. S. Wood, Editor; Saul Flaum, V. P. and Adv. Mgr. Unsolicited manuscripts received only at owner's risk and should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Notice: Change of address should reach this office two weeks in advance of the issue for which that new address becomes effective. Five cents per copy in United States. Subscription rates in U. S.: six months, \$1.25; one year, \$2.00. Subscription rates in Canada: six months, \$2.00; one year, \$3.00. Subscription rates in foreign countries: six months, \$2.00; one year, \$3.00.



A group assembled (right) to consider the value of "this new-fangled radio" a few years ago. Reading left to right they are, standing, Harry Cooper, Grover Whalen, Major Bowes, Roxy, Sam Harris, Yascha Bunchuk, Rudy Vallee and Martin Beck; sitting, George M. Cohan, Jimmy Walker and George Jessel. Roxy's dominant personality shows in any camera study of the man, especially in the one below



# "ROXY"

By Jack Banner

For eleven long years, twice weekly, the name of Roxy hurtled through the ether, gathering in its wake approximately seven million loyal fans. Suddenly, in its greatest hour of triumph, the name of Roxy vanished from the airwaves. For reasons as yet unknown to the general public, Samuel Lionel Rothafel and the Rockefeller interests agreed to disagree, and the seven million mourned the muffling of the voice they idolized. The mourning period has come to an end. Starting September 15, and weekly thereafter for an indefinite period, the Columbia Broadcasting System will resurrect the resonant voices of Roxy and his Gang, and will present them over a coast-to-coast hookup.

The past seven months have been bitter and lonely ones for Roxy. Yes, Roxy, the man of a million acquaintances, has been lonely. The homes of the most celebrated citizens on two continents were open to him; distinguished men and women of the arts and letters begged his company; princes, prime ministers and other lords of the upper strata extended cordial invitations to dine and to make holiday—but still Roxy brooded over the temporary loss of his seven million fans.

Roxy returns the love and admiration of his fans with a fiery intensity. To him they represent something thrillingly alive and concrete. No other radio celebrity has been able to cement a bond as cordial as that existing between Roxy and his air audience. It is almost as if they were actual members of his family. Roxy's fan letters are of the type of mail that family members exchange. They are studded with homely little passages, telling of the health of the kiddies, of the various family squabbles and problems; quite often he has been the recipient of home-baked cakes, of pies and jams.

To Roxy these letters and kindly gifts and expressions represent something immeasurably fine—sincere voices of true friends pouring in from the four corners of the earth.

Roxy was born with the smell of poverty in his nostrils in Stillwater, Minnesota, July 9, 1882. When he

was fourteen years old his family moved to New York City, where he floundered about for several years, trying to carve his niche. The breath of adventure then blew his way, and with the full permission of his family he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps.

After completing a seven-year hitch in the Marines, serving through the Boxer Rebellion in China, Roxy matriculated to the oil and coal fields of Pennsylvania. In 1907 he undertook his first theatrical venture in Forrest City, Pa.

He presented his first motion picture in a vacant store fitted with seats borrowed from an undertaking establishment. A shaky screen and faulty projector completed the equipment. He made a bit of money catering to the elemental picture wishes of the burly miners, but sold out after a few months. He then transferred his exhibiting activities to Minneapolis, and later to Milwaukee.

In 1913 he came to New York as manager of the Regent Theater, where his ingenuity and modern methods attracted the attention of the show-world impresarios. Here he evolved the revolutionary idea of introducing appropriate musical prologues to pictures. This system is now in universal use throughout the United States and Europe.

When the Strand Theater was completed that year, he was called to Broadway. Here he recalled his Marine experiences, and founded the system of military-trained and uniformed ushers. Subsequently he managed the Rialto and Rivoli Theaters, before assuming the program directorship of the Capitol.

Roxy is essentially clever. One can gather that from his record, of course. But one can observe it also in his confident bearing and speech; in the lines of his thin, firm mouth; in the glint of his deep blue eyes; and in the dramatic tempo of his speech.

His creed always has been one of sincere understanding between producer and the public. He couldn't fake a single line or statement if his life depended on it. Probably one of the greatest reasons for his phenomenal microphone success was his early discovery that the microphone is a sensitive betrayer of sham and insincerity, revealing the truth with unmerciful accuracy.

Despite accusations to the contrary, he never has been deliberately affectations. He always has tried to reflect the warmth of life in his broadcasts. This, in toto, is the prime reason for the amazing bond of affection and understanding existing between this master showman and his listener public.

When Roxy first entered the broadcasting scene in 1922, the industry was stranded high and dry in the mires of similitude. The infant art was in a highly nebulous state of formation. The melody of music and speech was buried under a galloping cacophony of static, and of dreary reiteration. No matter how madly the dials were turned, about all one could hear was the banal repetition of such selections as "Tommy Lad," "At

Dawning," and "I Hear You Calling Me."

Roxy changed all this. If any one individual deserves the honor of being known as "The First Man of Radio," this short, florid-faced, blue-eyed genius of the theater is that man. His historic broadcasts revolutionized radio. He was the first man in the history of broadcasting whose programs were sent out via remote control. He was the first program director to offer symphonic music to the radio public. His farseeing vision enabled him to be the first to present musical backgrounds for sketches and dramas, and if this one contribution alone doesn't entitle him to immortality, then try to imagine listening to a modern radio dramatic sketch without the musical background. His programs are the first short-waved affairs on record, and he was the first to adopt the now universal method of split timing.

Thus it can be seen that while Roxy had nothing to do with the mechanical progress of the radio industry, he contributed richly to the cultural progress of the new art. His programs served as the testing grounds and jumping-off spots.

The summer of 1922 was the turning point in the career of the man who has since become known as the High Priest in the Cathedral of Entertainment. At the time he was serving as the director of presentations at the Capitol Theater, New York City . . .

It was an after-theater hour. A group of theater managers, artists and agents was gathered in one of the prominent Broadway restaurants (Continued on Page 8)



# Standing By—

With Ray Perkins

**H**i there! This is the first in a series of weekly programs on the printed-page network. My contract is on a "til-tired" basis. That means either you or I may get tired, with the odds heavily in your favor. Incidentally, when you do get tired, the editors have kindly promised to let me know.

I didn't have to give an audition. The editors had heard of me and didn't require samples, the which to an old radioite is very baffling. Things aren't done that way in broadcasting.

Nobody, especially me, knows what this column is going to be like. It will probably just contain what may best be described as miscellaneous this and that—random thoughts that clatter into the brain of one who has infested radio studios these many years. It will probably be difficult to describe—a sort of a what-chamay-column.

To my old friends who have listened to me in the past with patience if not complete approval, greetings again and bless your hearts! Those who have never heard of me, I also greet—hopefully. In case you ever come to drop me a line, I always intend to answer by mail, and most often do. So if you have any pet ideas on broadcasting, pro or con, and crusades to be waged, or thoughts that should be laughed or cried at, do let me have 'em with full publication rights.

## Portrait of the Artist

(From Boos Pooh in Radio)

Ray Perkins, the noted hoecyologist and up-beat-comer-in-oner, is considered one of the most promising pencil chews in the literary world. He promises practically anything. Born in an abandoned piano, he spent his boyhood years in the cloistered halls of Studio B, WJZ, and received his education at the hands of various sponsors and advertising agencies. He is a member of the National Academy of Audition Givers, the Sons of St. Aylesworth, The Veterans of Studio Wars, and is founder of the Ray Perkins Client Culture and Option Renewal Society. Favorite Hobby: wondering what the heck is going to happen next. Works and writings: "Thru Radioland with Flitgun and Fishnet," "Microphone Itch—Its Cause and Cure," "How to be Happy tho' Sustaining," "The Menace of Artists' Bureaucracy," "Theme Song for Andrew Jergens' Program," "Theme Song for A Silent Hour," "Theme Song to 'Open and Close a Theme Song'."

In New York recently there was born a local program to advertise Beer Barrels. Another local sponsor



Fred Waring demonstrating to the Lane Sisters (left to right, Rosemary and Priscilla) the new device for transmitting music over telegraph wires. It's called the "Telemusicon." The Waring programs are on the air Thursdays and Sundays over a CBS-WABC network

is plugging Garbage Cans. It is right and fitting that radio should bestow its accolade on such colorful industries. But there are so many other fine fields not represented on the air that the advertising boys should really be ashamed. Virgin fields they are, untouched by broad-

casting, while the network go-getters seem to concentrate with stultifying monotony on Cosmetics, Stomach-complaint Medicines, and Cathartics. We list a few such neglected industries below. My, my, what a good program builder could do for these businesses!

Parisian Postcards—Wolf Traps—Razor Strop Oil—Squirrel Cages—Lighthouses—Glass-Eye Varnish—Brass Balls for Flag-Poles—Hex and Voodoo Herbs—Turkish Paste—Toupes for Bald-Chested Men—Puppet Wire—Medicine Ball Stuffing—Tightrope Walkers' Parasols.

Rudy Vallee, the famous movie star, makes a hobby of broadcasting at least once a week. On the other hand, Jimmie Durante, the well-known broadcaster, occasionally appears in pictures.

Sedley Brown was trying out a new secretary. "Take a letter," says he, "to Station WCQD." Says the steno, "How do you spell WCQD?"

That dynamic musical feller of NBC, who has led more orchestras than you could shake a stick at, has his conductor's batons made to order by the dozen, with his name engraved on 'em—Frank J. Black. Another leader who has himself measured for special batons by the dozen lot is Ted Weems. So does Don Bestor. They have to have just the right weight and balance so they won't hurt themselves. Is this a general practice—will someone please advise?

The Movie got some good ideas from Radio, but then Radio has swiped one big item from the Movies, to wit, Yes-men. There are men in the studios and ad-agencies who are giving the best years of their lives to the business.

Much talk about a possible second CBS network. But at CBS the talk isn't loud enough to be heard. NBC, of course, has the Red and the Blue, but there are lots of pretty colors left to choose from.

The radiotic Ray Knight spends all his spare time hobnobbing with the boys and girls of the N. Y. Metropolitan Opera Company. He's a pal of Verdi and Rossini, knows his Niebelung, and frolics with the mi-mi singers. No wonder he's so giddy. Incidentally, Mrs. Knight (Ruth) isn't funny, but is much easier to look at.

With all this tendency of sponsors toward piping in radio programs from across the seas, perhaps the best thing for a sponsor seeker to do would be to take out first papers in half a dozen foreign countries.

# Reviewing Radio

By Martin J. Porter

**T**sk! Tsk! It just seems that radio must be reformed, even if there isn't anything to reform. I'll admit that a lot of things could be improved or refined, but that's being done. The era of reform and crusading seems to be with us again.

Not long ago, if you remember, alas! some musicians banded together to clean up song lyrics, even though the lyrics were pretty immaculate, and so we dispensed with that. It was, of course, an echo of the churches' campaign to cleanse the cinema. And just when we are getting a breathing spell, along comes Arthur Cremin, a gent who directs the New York Schools of Music.

In case you haven't heard of these schools, maybe I'd better tell you that Don Bestor and Jack Benny teach there. Mr. Cremin is all agog, and I suspect all agog, about melodies and arrangements and orchestrations, rather than lyrics, and he thinks we are being sent unconsciously to perdition by insinuating and immoral tunes. Once Henry Mencken saw the same danger, but he was only kidding. Mr. Cremin, apparently, wrote me a letter without his tongue in his cheek, and added that he has enlisted the support of John Sumner, head man of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in New York City, in a crusade to make decent the naughty melodies that get into our blood, via radio, and make us sensuous, immoral and passionately predatory. Such language!

In the beginning of his letter, Mr. Cremin says that dirty music is even worse than dirty lyrics, because lots of people are too innocent to catch on to the suggestiveness of words, but absorb the immoral influences of devastating music without being aware of it.

"I believe," he writes, "that some censorship should control the tunes played over the air these days. Certain orchestras such as Cab Calloway's, Claude Hopkins' and the like, seem to feature orchestrations which produce a musical effect to my mind tending to incite the passions of the listener. They purposely weave together

the discordant notes of horn instruments in order to get that weird effect which can only be compared with savage music . . . The type of synchronization has a demoralizing effect because it acts upon a person without his or her suspecting it . . . We just say we feel funny. But we are being demoralized, and the dreadful effects are worse than narcotics. I say therefore that the orchestration of every song ought to be censored before it is allowed to flow into millions of American homes."

Mr. Cremin adds that he's about to take it up with the state legislature, or somebody.

Of course I am aware of the aphrodisiac influence of certain arrangements of music, but what is music after all, if not a series of vibrations designed to play on the emotions? I am afraid that if he wishes to carry out his crusade, he would have to test each tune on each individual listener to note any definitely demoralizing effect. It is not abnormal to exercise emotion. It is quite natural for music to influence us. That's why we are pleased by it. But so far as its having a detrimental or lasting effect, I doubt it, and so do quite a few wise psychiatrists. And besides that, imagine having to listen to hymns and dirges every night. The comics are enough punishment.

**A**nd the daytime programs which have not shown any great improvement over a number of years, are another form of audience punishment; but happily there is a remedy coming. The WABC head men went into a huddle the other day and decided to give daytime listeners a break. They were not, as you might suspect, actuated by any charitable impulse. They just had to do something with the talent on hand, for which no night spots can now be found. As all those who have

been studying the radio picture recently must know, practically every night spot on all webs has been sold. So there are a lot of artists around with no place to go—except on afternoon and morning shows.

In a week or two you will see the Columbia gentlemen wiping out the good old talkers and recipe-givers, and the little and obscure acts that have held the fort for so, these many years, and substituting big names, big orchestras and big buildups.

But I doubt whether the buildups will be effective. Only a meager half dozen performers who started in daytime spots over a period of eight years have got into the big time by that route. However, the listening will be fine for night watchmen.

**R**emember last week, when I took a crack at Dave Vine, the WOR comic, because he used a sissy in his script, and also a suggestive line? I'm not one of those reformers, but it gripes me to see radio being smudged. It is one of the few clean institutions in the country. Well, the criticism went straight to Dave's heart. He's an old stager, and he's so new to radio that the thought never entered his mind that you have to be different when you get in front of a mike. He called up and said: "You're right, my friend. The script was okay for a theater audience, where no kids are around. It wasn't right for radio. Thanks for the criticism."

I like guys like that—who take it on the chin and then thank you. So I have been listening to Dave's program ever since, and have come to the conclusion that before long Mr. Vine will be following the same short route to fame as did Joe Penner.

Warning: Gracie Allen is back in the country—and before you are many days older she'll be breaking out with another stunt such as the memorable vanishment of her brother. This time, I suspect, she will be crashing into a number of WABC sport broadcasts. Watch out!



# Queens All!

With the Election of Radio's Queen for 1934 Drawing to a Close, Any of the Leaders May Win. Who Will Reign at the National Electrical and Radio Exposition in Madison Square Gardens, Sept. 19 to 29?

Gentlemen prefer blondes," and so apparently do the RADIO GUIDE readers. Dorothy Page, blonde and beautiful singing lass from Chicago, heads this week's standing with a total of 9,323 votes!

Rosemary Lane, the "pride of the college campus," is second, with a total of 8,525 ballots; Jessica Dragonette, the dainty "Cities Service" star, drops back a peg and rules the third position spot with a total of 7,830, and Mona Van is fourth with 7,082 votes.

It's all over but the shouting, fans. No more ballots will be printed, but a full week's balloting is still in force. The September 8 issue of RADIO GUIDE reaches the newsstands as this is being written, and when the ballots received from that issue postmarked up to midnight of September 10, are counted and tabulated, the winner will be revealed to all.

It is dangerous to leap to conclusions. Any one of at least ten candidates may win the election of Queen of Radio—for 1934. As proof of this, the standing of the present leader may be cited. For weeks Dorothy Page remained boxed up in the pack. Last week, when she leaped into fourth place, she became a serious threat for the first time, and this week she continued her sensational spurt to assume the lead.

The forthcoming National Electrical and Radio Exposition, which will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, during the week of September 19 to 29, promises to be the greatest exposition in history. Already thousands of people from all over the country are flocking into New York and are making plans and preparations for a gala and eventful stay.

Thousands of fans, too, are preparing to come to "Bagdad on the Hudson," to roar a welcome to the fortunate contestant who is selected as the Radio Queen of 1934.

The show week will be the carnival week of the radio industry. The greatest stars of the air will appear at the RADIO GUIDE booth, and will greet and entertain RADIO GUIDE fans and readers.

The editors of RADIO GUIDE have revealed some of their plans, but many sensational features are being kept secret. There will be surprises and sensations galore, and the fortunate visitors at the show are assured of many pleasant surprises and thrills by way of entertainment.

The finest decorators and craftsmen have been engaged to construct a fitting throne and reception room for the Queen. No stone has been left unturned and no expense has been spared in the effort to make the monster reception and coronation one of the most colorful events since radio shows have been held.

RADIO GUIDE's Queen Election has stirred the radio world to its very depths. There have been contests and contests, but none has gripped the fans with the same intensity as is being evinced in this. Radio Editors from all sections of the nation cooperated wholeheartedly with the editors of RADIO GUIDE in the effort to make this election a representative affair. Girls from every section and practically every radio station have been nominated and entered in the election, so that there can be no doubt but that the ultimate winner will be a ruler selected for the people, of the people and by the people.

In the past, you will recall, Radio Queens were selected by an autocratic group of writers and artists. This year the editors of RADIO GUIDE struck a happy note in deciding to leave the selection of a Radio Queen

directly in the hands of the radio fans.

The response has been gratifying. Ballots poured in by the thousands, and are still arriving. For a short period there was a lull in the voting, but it was the quiet before the storm. A few days later the mail-men staggered in with bundle after bundle of election ballots with every mark.

As an instance of how the votes began to arrive, Dorothy Page, one day last week received almost 2,000 votes within the span of a few hours!

The deadline for ballots is midnight September 10. Final counting and tabulation will get under way on the morning of September 11. The final winner will be announced in the issue dated Week Ending September 29.

## STANDING OF ENTRANTS

Dorothy Page	9,323	Myrt (Myrt and Marge)	613
Rosemary Lane	8,525	Mary Steele	552
Jessica Dragonette	7,830	Peggy Healy	536
Mona Van	7,082	Roxanne Wallace	517
Leah Ray	7,012	Irene Wicker	514
Olga Albani	7,010	Irene Rich	511
Harriet Hilliard	6,854	Judy Talbot	501
Irene Beasley	6,598	Anna Melba	498
Gertrude Niesen	6,420	Emrie Ann Lincoln	482
Ruth Etting	6,348	Alice Remsen	420
Dorothy Lamour	6,218	Schumann-Heink	416
Annette Hanshaw	5,992	Vet Boswell	413
Ethel Shutta	5,584	Arlene Jackson	396
Eosa Fouselle	5,003	Beat. Churchill	382
Loretta Lee	4,747	Florence Case	318
Muriel Wilson	4,261	Lucille Hall	312
Babs Ryan	4,106	Dorothy Hicks	255
Edith Murray	3,980	Jane Ace	240
Sylvia Froos	3,518	Louise Sanders	218
Vera Van	3,504	Elaine Melchion	213
Jane Froman	3,486	Frances Forbes	212
Shirley Howard	3,428	Marguerite Huestis	204
Doris Shumate	3,385	Jeanie Lang	198
Connie Boswell	2,990	Sue Fulton	196
Marion McAfee	2,946	Mattie Curran	191
Joy Hodges	2,610	Betty Barthell	182
Kate Smith	2,549	Mother Moran	175
Ruth Lee	2,506	Marian Jordon	172
Julia Sanderson	2,446	Fannie Cavanaugh	161
Lee Wiley	2,120	Buby Wright	116
Mary Rooney	1,925	Grace Donaldson	104
Dorothy Adams	1,921	Joanne	100
Rosaline Greene	1,904	Frances Baldwin	98
Carolyn Rich	1,885	Nan Johnson	96
Mary Barclay	1,875	Mary Small	90
Gracie Allen	1,816	Lillian Bucknam	90
Memo Holt	1,705	Cynthia Knight	90
Virginia Rea	1,672	Patti Pickens	85
Grace Albert	1,640	Elizabeth Lennox	85
Ramona	1,603	Mary Wood	80
Gretchen Davidson	1,596	Marguerite Paudula	68
Joy Lynne	1,532	Martha Mears	67
Jane Pickens	1,506	Betty Brooks	55
Linda Parker	1,427	Betty Winkler	52
Ellian Roth	1,416	Mabel Todd	48
Alice Faye	1,378	Ann Leaf	47
Sandra (Dixie Debs)	1,350	Dale Nash	46
Priscilla Lane	1,319	Mary Lakey	42
Lulu Belle	1,281	Baby Rose Marie	40
Dolores Gillen	1,279	Hortense Rose	31
Marge (Myrt and Marge)	1,229	Patsy March	28
Irma Glen	1,223	Irene Noblette	27
Gale Page	1,172	Connie Gates	24
Jane Meredith	1,121	Irene Taylor	23
Gladys Swarthout	1,062	Josephine Leone	23
Mary McCoy	1,025	Eva Taylor	21
Alice Joy	983	Gogo DeLys	18
Frances Langford	968		
Honey Sinclair	950		
Virginia Hamilton	882		
Louise Massey	864		
Mary Eastman	840		
Elsie Hitz	815		
Grace Hayes	803		
Mary Livingstone	791		
Mickey Greenier	675		
Maxine Gray	627		

Others who have a chance—(from top to bottom)—Dorothy Lamour, Countess Olga Albani, Ethel Shutta, Elsie Hitz, Vera Van

Possible winners all—(from top to bottom)—Dorothy Page, Rosemary Lane, Leah Ray, Dolores Gillen, Sylvia Froos





# Champion Mixer-Upper

By Roy Atwell

**W**hy do I talk wis glay? That's gleasy . . . I mean beasy . . . easy. Dit sown . . . nit bown—Oh, let it go, let it go!

Well, let me tell you one thing: All this language mixing-upping that I do over the air is a result of a happy accident which happened to me over five years ago.

Things are always happening to me. It seems that my whole career has been a series of accidents—happy and otherwise.

But suppose we go away back to the very beginning—my beginning. That was in Syracuse, New York, more years ago than I care to remember.

Back in those early Syracuse days, I attended a grammar school, which, I am convinced, furnished more great figures to the world of the theater than any other school which ever existed.

Let me give you an idea of just a few of the boys who were in my class at grammar school in Syracuse. In the first place, there were the three Shubert boys—Sam, Lee and Jake. At that time they were spending their after-school hours acting as ushers at the local opera house. From ushers in that humble Syracuse theater they came to Broadway, and for years fought tooth and nail the established and proud Erlanger chain of theaters which, until then, had the theater world almost exclusively under its control. The Shuberts were my boyhood pals, all three of them. Years later I was to star in several of their shows.

My first appearance in a Broadway production was in the beloved Belasco's "The Lash of a Whip." That was in the days when radio was just an unbelievable dream. I played a very serious role—that is, it was the author's intention that it be serious. My first entrance, however, was hilarious. I fell down. Mr. Belasco came running backstage. I resigned myself to an abrupt dismissal.

**M**y boy," said he, "you have a wonderful face for comedy. Play the part as a comedian from now on. Come up to my office tomorrow and I'll see about giving you a slight raise in salary."

It really seems conceited to call my many years on the stage a "career." Most of it has been entirely accidental. Let me tell you, for instance, about how I happened upon this language mixing-upping of mine.

Six years ago I was in Hollywood with Doug Fairbanks, Sr. I had made a few successful comedy shorts but wasn't particularly happy about Hollywood; so I joined the cast of a Bert Kalmer-Harry Ruby show which was in rehearsal there. The show had a comedy part and I had little time to rehearse; so little, in fact, that I didn't know my lines.

We opened in Los Angeles. My opening line was:

"Ah, tis spring. And the birds are twittering in the treetops!"

Being a bit vague on all my lines, to say nothing of this particular one, I rushed on and announced:

"Ah, tis twing. All the twits are birdering in the

**In Which the World's Premier Tongue-Twister Tells How a Happy Mistake Started Him on the Road to Fame and Fortune**



Even the telephone gets snarled when Roy Atwell, the Mixer-Upper Champ, has something to say

treeftops." Well, you can imagine the riot it caused. I was scared to death. With my sudden fright, my lines became even more twisted and garbled. Needless to say, I could see this engagement coming to a sudden and well-deserved end. When Harry Ruby came run-

ning back looking for me, I had even started to pack my clothes.

"Roy," yelled Harry gleefully, "it was great! Keep it up. You've found something entirely new."

So that's how it happened. Once I got the hang of it, things went along very nicely indeed. I came East with the show and auditioned for the Columbia network.

They thought the same as Harry apparently, for they signed me for twenty-six weeks on the Tydol Oil program. With the completion of the oil contract I left for a tour of Europe. When I returned, Fred Allen was just beginning to make the radio public sit up and take notice. I've been associated with him, on and off, ever since.

I have been, I must admit, thirty years on the stage. Strange how many of that class in the Syracuse Grammar school chose the theater as a career.

**A**fter three decades in the theater, in which I have played light comedy parts, "hoke" parts, and about every other kind of role, I find radio work refreshing.

Perhaps it is because I feel I belong to the veteran school of the stage—whereas on the air we all start, so to speak, from scratch. When radio fans ask me about my past life, with that confused attitude of the interested person who has not the slightest idea of who or what you have been before you were called to his attention—I realize I am now in an entirely new field, where past performances mean practically nothing.

Years ago, before Booth Tarkington deserted Broadway with the vow that he never would return, there was a glamour and sparkle to Broadway and the theater. You never would be able to lure an actor to the mike in those days. They loved the theater too well. Those were the days of Harry Leon Wilson, Julian Street, Wilton Lackaye, Jack Barrymore, Clara Bloodgood, the Frohmans and countless others whose names have made history.

Once, for instance, while more than slightly under the influence of those beverages which the government just recently has restored to us, I mentioned to Tarkington that I wanted to see "Havana," a musical comedy then running on Forty-Second Street. That was enough for Booth. He promptly poured a few more beverages into me and loaded me on a boat bound for Havana, Cuba.

When I woke up I was miles out to sea. The captain informed me that he had received a cable from the "Secretary of War" informing him that I was a most important diplomat on my way to Havana to execute plans for the raising of the battleship Maine. I'll never forget the reception that was accorded me when we sailed into the harbor.

Yes, young man, those were the bays . . . I mean those bere the bays . . . mays—Oh, let it go, let it go!

## "ROXY" — By Jack Banner

(Continued from Page 5)

discussing the theater—and the new-fangled thing, radio.

"Pouf," said one of the managers, "radio will never amount to anything. It is a dreary and monotonous form of entertainment. I predict it will dry up and rot of its own sterility." Here his voice trailed off for a second, then rose significantly. "And in the event that it does become a factor, we men of the theater know how to combat it."

Samuel Rothafel was silent.

"You agree of course, eh, Sam?" asked one of the impresarios.

Samuel Lionel Rothafel pursed his thin, firm lips. He was not a man to be pushed into any ideas, as his theatrical record of achievement testified. He had arrived on Broadway from a small town, and his radical theories had been so successful that he had revitalized completely the field of dramatic and orchestral presentations of the theater.

"No, gentlemen," he said finally. "I can't agree. True the field of broadcasting today is so elementary, it is ridiculous. But it won't stay that way long. I remember only fifteen years ago when the movies were laughed at and scoffed. The nickelodeon! Critics jeered at us

and predicted we'd never amount to anything. Yet today the movie houses absolutely control Broadway and the entire country.

"Furthermore, gentlemen, I don't think we men of the theater should fight radio when it arrives. We must collaborate with it, for while it is true that people will listen to air shows, nothing ever can take the place of visual entertainment."

His confreres laughed. Sam Rothafel always had been a queer duck, they agreed, but there was no question but that he would stand shoulder to shoulder with them and fight the new menace at the critical moment.

**F**our months later Roxy was the most hated man on Broadway. Rival managers openly branded him as a traitor and predicted that he would fade from the theatrical firmament. The cause? Here:

George F. McClelland, program director of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, (which was to flourish later as the mighty National Broadcasting Company) with studios at 195 Broadway, New York City, precipitated the open break when he approached Roxy with his unique idea. McClelland, burning with the fire of his pioneering work, wanted to try the first

remote-control broadcast on record, and Roxy, vitally interested, agreed to furnish the facilities.

**O**n November 19, 1922, workers suspended several microphones from the ceiling of the Capitol Theater, Roxy decided that the best unit for broadcasting purposes was the symphony concert. He selected "Ein Heldenleben"—Hero's Life—by Strauss, because of its especially adaptable tonal qualities. He gave the signal to conductor Erno Rapee which sent the first bars of the beautiful melody crashing out through space. Radio history was in the making!

The next day set another record in the rise of radio. Several thousand letters arrived, an unheard-of total for that period, commenting on the general excellence of the program. In this connection it is interesting to note that, despite the limited extent of the broadcasting and receiving equipment of the day, clear reception was reported throughout the eastern seaboard, ranging as far south as Mississippi and as far north as Canada!

Roxy's early fight to make "the new-fangled entertainment" succeed—his triumphs and his bitter disappointments—will be continued in **RADIO GUIDE**, Issue Week Ending September 22.



# Buried Alive

## "Calling All Cars"

By Moorehead Green

**This Factual Account of One Killer's Dash for Liberty, with Every Apparent Chance to Win, Proves Again the Tremendous Power of Radio as the Defender of Law**

If Angel Orosco hadn't loved his five motherless children so much, he would never have dug a grave in the back yard.

Angel drove home smiling that afternoon. He was going to ask young Catalina Ramirez, his housekeeper, to become his wife.

"It is not good," Angel had assured himself solemnly, as he labored in the Southern California vegetable fields, day after day, "for a man to live as a widower." It is especially not good when the widower has a pretty housekeeper. "Also," Angel argued with himself, "it will be fine for my tiny Luis to have a new mamma of his own."

So today, Angel smiled with the relief that comes to a man when he makes up his mind. True, Catalina was very young—and sometimes she forgot the exact time to give Baby Luis his goat's milk. But she did keep the children cleaner and better fed and happier than they had been since their mother's death. And besides—youthfulness was a quality which a man could tolerate in a wife!

Angel's pulse leaped at the thought. There were times when it maddened him to look at the girl. Well, that very night he would speak his mind, and settle the matter.

Catalina was baking—cookies, pastry, a roast. Angel's widening smile almost took the droop out of his Mexican moustache. The kitchen of the freshly-painted Orosco bungalow was hot, and smelled of spices. Youthful Catalina, big-boned but not unattractive, had flour to her elbows. Twelve-year-old Amelio, the eldest child, was tinkering with some kitchen carpentry his father had started the night before. He laid down a short, heavy piece of wood.

Angel snatched up his toddling, three-year-old Luis. He held the excited child to his breast and murmured in ecstasy.

Catalina watched this gravely. A poor relation of the Orosco's, she had never been so happy in her life as during the past months when keeping house for Angel, for her living and a tiny wage. Puckering her lips, she blew up at a lock of black hair that was teasing her forehead. A good man, Angel, she reflected. True, a bit of a fanatic about anything touching his children. But still—a good provider. Perhaps, some day—

"Catalina," said Angel, smiling at her with all his white teeth, "you give Luis his goat's milk at five o'clock, si?"

Catalina Ramirez turned from her stove quickly. Wiping flour-dusted hands on her apron, she hastened to the refrigerator. Angel Orosco's smile faded.

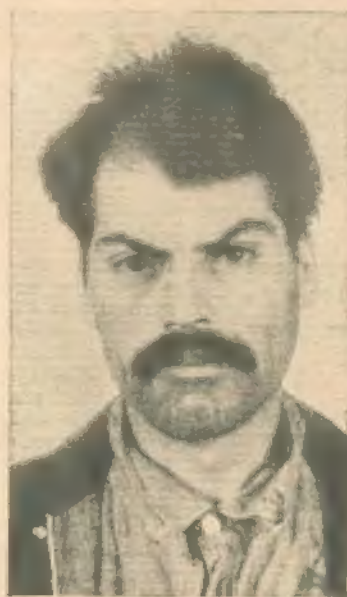
"I forgot," the girl said, blushing. "I was so busy baking for the weekend, and for the picnic you are going to take the children on, tomorrow afternoon—"

"Did he get his milk at three o'clock?" Angel interrupted in swift anger. So—she was forgetting again! Neglecting the children! Gone were pleasant thoughts of marriage. A dull flush spread over Angel's swarthy face.

But Catalina had a temper of her own. Now a maddening sense of injustice made her black eyes flash.

"See you, Angel Orosco!" she cried. "I am caring for your children as if they were my own! Look at little Luis' chubby hands and arms." She pointed. "When I came here, they were thin. Now he gets so much milk he will not eat his other food. The doctor himself said—"

"Ah-h!" screamed Orosco. He did not like this show of spirit. *Sacre!* If a woman was not meek before



Angel Orosco, who couldn't stand to see his young son deprived of goat's milk



The house where Angel expected his housekeeper to live with him in wedded bliss

marriage! And besides—"The doctor, the young doctor!" Angel cried. "So, it is his new-fangled gringo nonsense, and his handsomeness, that have caused you to disobey me!"

Catalina tossed her head. "I'll leave you!" she threatened.

Angel felt suddenly helpless. Then his feeling of helplessness made him doubly angry. Who was this girl to defy him? If she went, he and his home would again become bleak, cheerless. The children, fed irregularly and carelessly by different housekeepers, would lose weight. How dared this Catalina threaten him with a return of such conditions—especially when he had just been on the point of offering her marriage.

"You'll leave if I let you!" he shouted, beside himself. He stepped towards her.

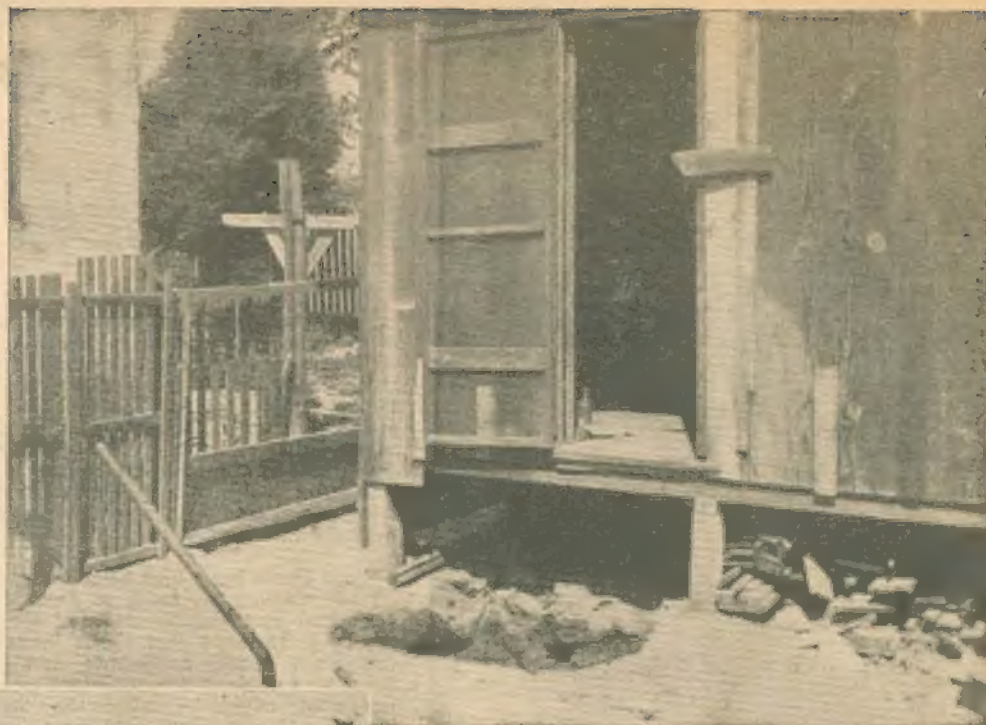
"Put!" Catalina snapped her fingers under his nose. Hot Mexican blood gleamed dully through the ivory of her cheeks. "I shall do as I please!" Then her eyes widened. "Put down that stick!" Angel, his brain whirling with rage, had grabbed the short, heavy piece of wood with which young Amelio had been playing. "I'll tell the police!" screamed Catalina. Angel swung the stick.

He glanced down at her stupidly. Bright blood flowed from her face to the clean oilcloth of the kitchen floor.

"Is Catalina dead?" whispered Amelio. He stared.

Angel looked from side to side, helplessly. He stooped and picked up the bleeding girl. He carried her into a little bedroom and put her on Amelio's bed. One foot hung over the edge of the bed. Very carefully, he lifted it—placed it on the bed beside the other foot. He looked puzzled. This was not the way he intended things to work out. Then Angel Orosco knelt down beside the bed and prayed.

"*Madre de Dios*—be merciful—do not let the police get me for hitting Catalina! Think of my children—"



The very spot where was dug the grave that became a living tomb

Amelio stood and cried. With a child's sure instinct, he sensed that gone forever were the pleasant days of cookies and pies and heaping meals and good-natured Catalina to give him joyous hugs and to laugh with him.

"Tell no one what you saw!" his father said to him. "No one!"

Nightfall came. The girl was still unconscious, but breathing. Angel Orosco wiped the blood from the kitchen floor. Then he went into the yard and removed the steps from the little woodshed that stood near the back porch. He moved like a man in a dream. Occasionally he mumbled "Police." His one thought was to keep away from them. He would hide the evidence that could let them touch him!

Orosco took a big spade and commenced to dig in the sandy soil, where the steps had been. Feverishly, now, he threw out the soil until a big hole gaped there. Darkness had come—leaving just enough light from the sky to enable the stooping Mexican to see what he was doing.

He went into the house. From the bed he lifted the bleeding, breathing body of the unconscious girl—carried it carefully into the yard.

Gently, almost tenderly, Angel Orosco lowered the girl into the hole—bent her legs so that she would fit. She stirred. He hurled the sand in upon her. In a frenzy, he stamped it down. Then, growing crafty, he scooped up the excess earth and carried it to the end of the garden—scattered it there. He replaced the steps. Catalina Ramirez had vanished beneath the face of the earth.

Next day, Angel inquired among the neighbors if any had seen the girl. He was worried, he said. Catalina had disappeared. She was a fine girl. He waved his hands.

And the second day he went among the neighbors and said the same things. The neighborhood began to talk.

"It is strange," said Mrs. Ramon Angulo to her neighbor, Mrs. Michael Savato, "that he asks people if they have seen her—yet look, he is packing the car as if he himself were leaving!"

"And he is so nervous," agreed Mrs. Savato. "See, he keeps looking at us, and hurrying."

There is indeed something about this which is hard to understand!" persisted Mrs. Angulo in swift Spanish. "Look you—is it reasonable that he should pack up for a journey while he is supposed to be mystified by the girl's disappearance?" She turned to her husband. "Is it?"

"And on Friday night," the husband said slowly, "I lent him a shovel."

Mrs. Angulo made the sign of the cross, hurriedly. "You don't think—" breathed Mrs. Savato.

The little Orosco children were getting into the car now. Angel hurried them, with an impatience none of his neighbors ever had known him to display before. Fascinated, the three who were talking about him watched Orosco drive the little car out to the street—and away.

"I am going to look in that yard," said Mrs. Angulo, grimly.

Nothing seemed out of (Continued on Page 25)





Sylvia Froos, who may be heard any Saturday night over a CBS-WABC network

## By "The Doctor"

**Sylvia Froos Is One Star of the Air Who Belongs Where She Is. Read Her Analysis and Learn Why**

**H**ere is a girl with energy and persistence enough to keep up with almost any kind of game or crowd. She has high vitality and will work hard for her acclaim. Her nature is a restless one, and it irritates her to be held closely to conventional routine.

Behind the parenthesis of her mouth we find a love of power. Miss Froos has self-confidence enough to believe she can run an entire show. She is apt to think she possesses directorial ability; but this is not true.

## Flashes of Best Fun

**Budd:** That fellow comes from the south of Egypt.

**Steopnagle:** How can you tell that he comes from the south of Egypt?

**Budd:** Because he's always singing "Cairo Me Back to Old Virginny."  
—Schlitz Program

**Fred Allen:** You mean people actually heckle grandpa when he lapses into pizzicato?

**Portland:** I'll say. Practically every tune that grandpa starts to play turns out to be an unfinished symphony.  
—Town Hall Tonight

**Charlie:** That's quite a fine lion, Baron.

**Baron:** I have ketched lions sixteen times bigger!

**Charlie:** But that's a big lion.

**Baron:** Yah, I'm a big lyin' man.

**Charlie:** You're telling me!

—Tender Leaf Tea Program

**Durante:** Listen, Meadows, I know a guy who dabbles in oil.

**Meadows:** Is he an artist?

**Durante:** No, he's an auto mechanic.

—Chase and Sanborn

**Portland:** Do you think that fellow over there is brilliant?

**Fred Allen:** Brilliant! He looks like something that fell off the ventriloquist's lap!

—Town Hall Tonight

**Durante:** I got to get some pictures some place—picture taking is my bread and jelly. It would be my bread and butter but I don't like butter!

—Chase and Sanborn

# Signposts of Success

## Revealed by the Lines of Your Face

This lady has a large imagination, but we are not sure about her discretion. She is a bit impulsive and willing to take a chance. Caution is found in the upper cheek, really on the front of the cheekbone just under the corner of the eye. Yet we find this development in most successful business men. And it is interesting to note that many casts casters do not notice but developed deliberately. Of course a lack of this development indicates a lack of caution. It is the constant check and watching for the unforeseen which sharpens this faculty.

Sylvia Froos has a high color sense, not from permanent memory so much as from direct observation. Her color appreciation is found along the snos over her eyes. It shows that she is interested in details of decoration, dress, appearance and place. The little feminine turbanows are important to Sylvia Froos. She has what might be called the "butterfly" sense of beauty. This faculty could have been turned into a more profound and useful art had it been cultivated from the standpoint of art creation and appreciation.

In the mouth we find a positive indication of high sociability and many friendships rather than a few intense prolonged affections. That curl on the edge of her upper lip where the membrane meets the flesh, shows clearly her sense of display. She enjoys applause, and wants to be noticed. She obtains that approbation, for she knows how to make herself attractive.

Miss Froos has no highly-developed commercial aptitudes. She is so evenly balanced mentally that it is difficult to pick for her a special vocation. She possesses a sense of vocabulary, but much more for music than language. Apparently she can carry many telephone numbers in her head and has a good memory of number and quantities when interested in them. The broad location of language includes vocabulary, rhetoric and music—vocabulary meaning the memory of words and their meanings, rhetoric, the sense of tying these words together, or a delicate poetry of expression. There is a great similarity between the pleasant total flow of words and a sense of music and sound.

**W**ith her memory of numbers, her excellent intuition and sense of display, we might imagine that Sylvia Froos could become a good accountant. Such is not the case. This number memory is not exactly the faculty of calculation, which is indicated by the fullness of a person's skull just above the corner of the eye. There are several reasons why this work is not suitable

for our subject. First of all it would not appeal to her. Her emotional characteristics are too personal as expressed by the fullness of the membrane of the upper lip, to perform such an impersonal task as keeping books of account. Secondly, she does not possess sufficient patience to submit to training in routine practice.

Sylvia Froos has a great deal of enthusiasm and personal vividness. This is written in many portions of her face closely connected with several other faculties, particularly evident in the fullness on the cheek about halfway between the eyes and the upper lip.

As Miss Froos' perceptions are not as great as her sense of sound, we are inclined to believe that her work before the microphone will ever be far superior to her pantomime. Her most vivid mental impressions are obtained and given through sound. She is too individualistic and self-conscious to lose herself in a character role and submerge her own personality for the sake of dramatic portrayal.

## Bulls and Boners

**Julian Bentley:** "The mysterious girl spent the abandoned night at a farm." Mrs. Frank H. Copeland, Chicago, Ill. (July 31, WLS; 12:55 p. m.)

**Miss B. Phillips:** "More news today about biting bugs." Quav Sagle, Hagerstown, Mr. (Aug. 9, WJEJ; 11:17 a. m.)

**Announcer:** "Agnes Smith wants 'Leather Breeches' for her Grandma." Noel Reynolds, Pampa, Texas. (July 24, KGRS; 6:13 p. m.)

**Don Lyons:** "They have electric fans with hot and cold running water." Mrs. B. L. Boudreaux, Lafayette, La. (Aug. 4, WWL; 9:41 a. m.)

**Irving Freedburg:** "And in case of rain there is plenty of shade." Mrs. Paul Albrecht, Reading, Pa. (June 20, WETU; 1:40 p. m.)

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Include date, name of station and hour.

# Open Door to Beauty

By V. E. Meadows

## One Woman's Neglect of Appearance Led to Near-Tragedy That Should Not Be Faced by Any One. Attend Her Story

**I**'d like to talk to you today about how much of a part you play personally in accomplishing proper results in the care of your hair and complexion.

Before discussing the importance of your own beauty efforts, permit me to digress for a moment and tell you of an actual experience that occurred last January in Buffalo, New York, where I was making a personal appearance. It was a terribly cold night.

When I called for volunteers to have the beauty work performed on the hair and face, an old lady arose from the audience and asked that she be accepted as a subject. Her appearance was astounding. She wore a faded yellow dress that was at least ten years old. Her hair, while grey, had a bad yellow cast and was terribly unkempt. The skin on her face and hands was wrinkled and badly weather-beaten.

"Mr. Meadows," she said as she mounted the platform, "I have walked nine miles to hear you talk and have some beauty work done. I came to Buffalo to see my daughter and son married in a double ceremony. I supported these children since babyhood by raising and

digging potatoes in the field. This trip to Buffalo was supposed to be the climax of my life's work, but when I arrived here I discovered that my children were ashamed of my appearance and would not permit me to attend their weddings."

I did everything in my power to help her. Her hair was washed and waved, her skin was cleansed as much as possible and a makeup was applied. Of course she looked a great deal better. The next day I took her to one of the local stores and superintended the buying of a modest wardrobe for her. Later I discovered that she did attend the wedding of her two children.

The above incident merely leads to a point that I want to bring to you as strongly as possible. There is no place for carelessness in regard to your personal appearance. The sacrifice is too great.

**B**eauty troubles do not arise overnight. It takes years of carelessness. I can tell you all of the proper things to do, and if you don't keep at them every day you simply will not accomplish the desired results. When I tell you that your face must be cleansed every night before you retire, I mean exactly what I say.

You must devote at least ten minutes each evening to the proper cleansing of the face, another ten minutes for the brushing of your hair, and at least ten minutes each morning to the appearance of the makeup. This makes a total of thirty minutes each day.



# The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

**When the Pampered Child Is Fully Understood, His Problem Becomes Simplified. The Director of All Children's Programs for CBS Has Handled Many**

**P**ampering usually travels hand in hand with illness. Unfortunately for the child's welfare, the parents never seem to get over the period of convalescence. Their love for him, their eagerness to protect his health and avoid a recurrence of the malady, make them overzealous in his behalf. Instead of allowing him the freedom he needs by giving him leeway to play with strong healthy youngsters, they force him to play alone. Various other restrictions are piled upon him; he is treated faintly and handled as if he were a fragile China doll instead of a red-blooded energetic lad.

When the child complains of this stifled treatment they remind him that he's been ill and tell him that he's not like other normal youngsters; that he must watch his every action and conserve his strength. Thus the child is never allowed to forget the period of pain, medicines and doctors, and he begins to believe that perhaps there is something dreadfully wrong with him, something that forever will keep him from enjoying the normal functions of his childhood.

True, a child who has recovered from a stage of illness must be watched after a fashion, but as his condition improves and his strength returns he must be allowed a certain amount of playtime. The oil of the "gang" is in his blood and this oil becomes stronger as his health increases. Naturally his activities should be watched to see that he doesn't overtax his strength, but this watching should always take place in an off-hand manner for if he realizes that a guarded eye is being kept on his movement, he'll be resentful.

A child usually is a pretty good judge of what he can and cannot do. He knows his own advantages and limitations better than anyone, and if he feels that a certain form of activity is too much for his limited

strength he'll decide for himself that he cannot participate in the game. He must be allowed to escape the memory of the dark convalescent chamber and association with "five weeks on his back" is the best way to help him do it. Continued pampering and coddling will not turn his feet in the right direction.

The pampered child is an object of scorn to his playmates. They bring him with the hateful name of "sissy" and continually tease him at his lack of virility. If he is an imaginative child this will prey on his mind and he will withdraw into a shell to nurse his injured and betrayed feelings. Such actions may sound trivial to the parents, but to the child it's a matter of vital importance. He wants to be considered a regular guy, in the gang, and when this status is denied him, he feels in his childish manner that life itself is not worth living.

Not so long ago I had occasion to deal with a child of this caliber. Pampered and coddled to the point where he was like a young animal at bay, his parents couldn't seem to understand his lack of appreciation of all the considerate things they had done in his behalf. He was grumpy, snipped back at them, and in general behaved miserably and unnaturally.

**A**fter a careful examination, I ascertained there was nothing wrong with the lad physically. True he had undergone a session of ill health, but this had been months ago. Threading through the history of the lad I learned that dating from the period of illness, his parents would not allow him to forget the fact that he was a delicate child and that he must watch his every move. Practically all his normal activities had been curtailed by parental edict. He wasn't allowed to associate with his pals or partake of any other activities dear to the heart of a boy.

All the mother wanted him to do was to sit in the corner of the room and read a book. When he kicked over the traces and rebelled, she threatened him with a visit to the doctor's office.

No wonder the child was unhappy. It is the inherent right of all children to be allowed to play. Nature provides for this by endowing them with babbling,



**For the child's health of body and mind, let him play normally, with healthily normal children. This happy youngster was allowed to do just that**

effervescent spirits that can be dissipated only at play.

I placed the lad under my wing and allowed him to roam about the studio playroom and garden to his heart's content. He made friends with all the other boys immediately and his happy shouts reflected the change that was taking place in him, physically and mentally. He was tremendously interested in dramatics. I gave him his first part in this direction by casting him prominently in several shows. As less than a month had passed but returned to his cheeks, he was courteous and affable and in general behaved like any normally carefree and spontaneous youngster.

## Radio Road to Health

By Shirley W. Wynne M. D.

**Are You Diabetic? Read the Timely Advice of the Director of the Nation's Health from the Ether—and Profit**

**C**orrect diet is always important to the maintenance of good health and in helping our bodies to resist the attack of disease. Besides this, in certain diseases regulation of the diet plays a vital role in treatment. One of these diseases is diabetes.

Diabetes is a disease affecting chiefly persons in middle life and women more frequently than men. Its essential feature is the inability to utilize the sugars and starches in food. These a-walkers are very important parts of the diet.

In diabetes the blood sugar becomes overloaded with sugar. This sugar is passed from the system through the kidneys, hence one of the tests for diabetes is the presence of sugar in the urine.

Unless the sugar is treated it becomes increasingly aggravated. Although the blood contains a great amount of sugar, the cells of the body are unable to use this sugar and therefore in the food that gives energy and life.

Thus, in the midst of plenty the cells literally starve. And this starvation leads to the patient's general weakness.

Living on the abnormal diet the stomach is the gland, and the liver is the factory, and the pancreas is the secretory and digestive flask. It has an important function, that which has to do with the utilization of

sugar. In the pancreas are found certain small bodies called the Islands of Langerhans. These bodies secrete a substance called insulin, which is indispensable if the body is to make proper use of sugar.

Depressed as is the body's ability to assimilate sugars and starches even after they have been digested. The blood sugar accumulates and acts as a poison which the body must dispose of as best as it can through the kidneys and otherwise. The diabetic is starving to death even though the appetite makes or the consumption of large quantities of food.

Infection of one kind or another seems to be a common remote cause of injury to the islands of Langerhans. This infection may be called such as tonsillitis, sinusitis, ear appendicitis, or general sepsis as pneumonia, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, malaria.

Diabetes is not a diet of foods containing an excess of sugar and starch. Certain vegetables contain more of these carbohydrate substances than others.

**A**mong vegetables with carbohydrate content less than 1 per cent are the artichokes, asparagus, spinach, shishito, and beet greens. Vegetables with a one per cent carbohydrate content are Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, egg plant, cabbage, and string beans. Among those with an over one per cent content are fresh corn, lima beans, peas, and beets, carrots, and onions.

If these vegetables are cooked three times the greater part of this carbohydrate content may be removed. They should be soaked in water for a short time and brought to a boil. The water should then be poured off and the process repeated twice.

## Your Grouch Box

**H**ave you a radio grouch? Send it to "Your Grouch Box." Get it out of your system—off your chest. You'll feel better—and your criticism may help in the never-ending task of improving radio.

**Drawing the "off-color" line.**

Dear Editor: I think it is about time we were cleaning up the so-called high priced comedians who slip in off-color jokes.

Crawfordsville, Iowa EVA HEUMER WINGER

**Jazzed a Song at Midnight!**

Dear Editor: Why is it nearly impossible to get anything but jazz music after 10 p.m.? And must we have jazz in the morning? Does anyone dance before lunch?

Staten Island, N. Y. N. COMIZ

Dear Editor: There are too many dance bands on the air, especially after 7 p.m. After that time, there is seldom any classical music.

Harrisburg, Pa. LEON AGRIS

**My Wild Irish Rave.**

Dear Editor: I love the singers who call themselves the Irish Tenors, taught to sing at least one Irish song in their programs, like Irish heads and all, and so on. A good idea is to place a

Philadelphia, Pa. EDWARD J. HAGAN, JR.

**Groggy with glamor**

Dear Editor: I like the use of impersonation in an evening of radio. For instance, "The Glamorous Personality" the beautiful and charming So-and-so, how come to the radio, etc., etc. Please let the impersonation be the thing.

Toronto, Canada "CANADIAN"

If your pet peeve has general merit and wide application, send it today to "Your Grouch Box," Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.







*Going into  
its third  
successful  
year!*



HELEN CLAIRE  
as Betty Graham

# "ROSES AND DRUMS"

*presented by*

*The* UNION CENTRAL LIFE Insurance Company

New broadcast of Civil War drama goes on  
NBC hookup Sunday, September 9th

"ROSES AND DRUMS," glamorous epic of the war between the states, returns to the air next Sunday afternoon. A shift in networks this season brings it to the National Broadcasting Company; the program will be heard over WJZ and a national hookup of more than 20 stations.

This program, which pioneered in the presentation of famous stage stars over the radio, begins this year with another all-star cast. Guy Bates Post will play the part of General Grant, Charles Webster that of Abraham Lincoln, Percy Kilbride, Porter Hall and other well-known actors will be heard. As was the case last spring, Helen Claire, Reed Brown Jr., and John Griggs will carry on the romantic love story as Betty Graham, Gordon Wright, and Randy Claymore.

The first broadcast this season finds Grant's

Photo reproduced by courtesy of Review of Reviews



"Roses and Drums" goes on the air Sunday, September 9th, 1 P.M. EDT over these stations:

New York	WJZ	Kansas City	WRN
Baltimore	WBAL	Omaha	
Washington	WMAL	Council Bluffs	KOHL
Boston	WRZ	Syracuse	WSYR
Springfield	WBZ	Cleveland	WCAR
Rochester	WHAM	St. Louis	KWK
Pittsburgh	KDKA	Oklahoma City	WKY
Detroit	WJR	Hot Springs	KTHS
Cincinnati	WLW	Houston	KPRC
Chicago	WENR	San Antonio	WOAI
Cedar Rapids	KWCR	Dallas-Ft. Worth	WBAP
Des Moines	KSO	Shreveport	KFB

Army of the Potomac drawn up before Petersburg, Virginia, in the fourth year of the war. General Lee's veterans are defending the earthworks, and the deciding battle of the war seems imminent. Betty Graham is acting as a secret Confederate agent, her two suitors, Capt. Gordon Wright and Capt. Randy Claymore, are serving in the Northern and Southern Armies, respectively.

"Roses and Drums" was originally conceived as a sort of "Cavalcade" of American history—a series of dramatic episodes showing critical moments in the life of the nation as they affected the fortunes of the old and distinguished Wright family. But the Civil War episodes became so widely popular that the tempo was slowed down to permit a more thorough study of this great conflict.



## Programs for Monday, September 10

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

6:30 a.m. EDT 5:30 EST  
WABC News at 6  
6:45 a.m. EDT 5:45 EST  
Sports Highlights  
WABC News at 6:45  
7:00 a.m. EDT 6:00 EST  
KDKA Morning News  
WABC News at 7  
7:15 a.m. EDT 6:15 EST  
WABC News at 7:15  
7:30 a.m. EDT 6:30 EST  
WABC News at 7:30  
7:45 a.m. EDT 6:45 EST  
WABC News at 7:45  
8:00 a.m. EDT 7:00 EST  
WABC News at 8:00  
8:15 a.m. EDT 7:15 EST  
WABC News at 8:15  
8:30 a.m. EDT 7:30 EST  
WABC News at 8:30  
8:45 a.m. EDT 7:45 EST  
WABC News at 8:45  
9:00 a.m. EDT 8:00 EST  
WABC News at 9:00  
9:15 a.m. EDT 8:15 EST  
WABC News at 9:15  
9:30 a.m. EDT 8:30 EST  
WABC News at 9:30  
9:45 a.m. EDT 8:45 EST  
WABC News at 9:45  
10:00 a.m. EDT 9:00 EST  
WABC News at 10:00  
10:15 a.m. EDT 9:15 EST  
WABC News at 10:15  
10:30 a.m. EDT 9:30 EST  
WABC News at 10:30

ABC Morning Parade WJAF WRC  
WCSH WJHC WLEI  
CBS News 5 M WCAU WDRC  
WJHL WJAS WJW  
CBS News 5 M WCAU  
WJHL WJHC WJAS WJW  
NBC News 5 M WJZ WMAL  
KDKA WBZ WHAM WBVA WBAL  
WILL Musica Turns (5 Min)  
WJZ Market Basket  
WJW Music  
10:45 a.m. EDT 9:45 EST  
CBS News 5 M WABC  
NBC Morning Parade WJY WFI  
CBS The Three Faces WABC WNAC  
WJHL WJAS WJW  
NBC News 5 M WJZ WMAL  
KDKA WBZ WBAL  
NBC Radio Kitchen WJZ WMAL  
WJHL  
WJY Starting with Peery Randall  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
WHAM Hush! L. Hor. Mary E.  
11:00 a.m. EDT 10:00 EST  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ WJHL WJAS WJW  
CBS News 5 M WABC WJHL  
WJHL WJHC WJAS WJW  
NBC News 5 M WJZ WMAL  
KDKA WBZ WBAL  
KDKA Live! Tr. Betty  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
11:15 a.m. EDT 10:15 EST  
★ NBC Tony Wons phopner WJZ  
KDKA WJHL WJAS WBZ  
CBS News 5 M WJZ WMAL  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
11:30 a.m. EDT 10:30 EST  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
11:45 a.m. EDT 10:45 EST  
CBS News 5 M WABC WJHL WJAS  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage  
WJHL WJHC WJAF WJY  
WJZ 5 Day Live Stage

## Afternoon

[illegible]

**WIP RADIO GUIDE PRESENTS**

Hon. Patrick J. Buchanan in "The Art of Rhetoric"  
with Robert Moorehouse  
With The Tenors Choir

**1:00 p.m. EDT 12:00 Noon EST**  
**NBC—Markets and Weather Reports.**  
WBAL

CBS—George Hall's Orchestra WBAB  
WMAR WORC WOKL WJSV WRAD  
WAAS

NBC—Dick Fisher's Orchestra WFJ  
WFIL

Nat'l Words and Music WHAM

KDKA—Market Reports  
WBAL—Live Stock Report  
WBZ—Farm and Home Forum  
WISH—Andrew Williams Green  
WPX—Helen Kuehn's Radio Gang  
Wayne Bennett and Wayne  
Willie Vance of City N.J. College  
for Washington talk

**1:15 p.m. EDT 12:15 EST**  
**NBC—Hon Archie and Frank WJZ**  
WMAT WMAT WRVA KDKA  
NBC—Frank Sinatra Orchestra WEAF  
WHIT

Abs Mirror of Reflections WIP  
CBS Consumers Information Talk  
WHAM News Agricul Journal Forum  
WRSA—Archie Roberts  
WLW River Market, and Livestock  
Wolf New York Orchestra

**1:30 p.m. EDT 12:30 EST**  
**NBC—F... .. Building**  
WBAL WFJ WTIC WI  
CBS—Art ... .. ABC WLAI  
WJY A ... .. WNAC WISB WOGL  
NBC—For ... .. Blue WIZ  
KDKA WMAR WMA WAFA WBBQ  
WWA WHAM

Abs M ... .. WIP  
WHI Key ... .. Air  
WOL F ... ..  
Work Times Club of the Air

**1:45 p.m. EDT 12:45 EST**  
**Abs Jack P ... . WIP**  
WIBZ—Archie Fordal (CBS)  
Wilkins-Verna Osborne soprano

**2:00 p.m. EDT 1:00 EST**  
**CB ... .. WARO**  
WKLB WKLB WKLV  
NBC-R ... .. WEAL WEEK  
WLA WLIT WSCH WRC  
WCY I ... Bell baritone  
WNAC—James Marshall songs  
WOP Fr ... .. F ... .. Suite

**2:15 p.m. EDT 1:15 EST**  
**Abs—Andreas Garacuzzi and Ferro**  
Sec'd WIP  
WGJ Household Chats  
WLT T Old Guard  
WOR From Revere bassstone  
WMA Mixed Quartet

**2:30 p.m. EDT 1:30 EST**  
**FBS—P ... .. WBCE WAS**  
WBY WNAC WROU AU WERC  
NBC Glenn Scott Hon WJZ  
NBZ-Sarah Lee WHAM WMAL  
WEAM  
KDKA-Home Forum  
WBZ Locking School  
WCY-Albany on Parade  
WLW-Gene Burrell's Orchestra  
WOR-Fuchsia food Beauty  
WRAA-Mike Roarke

**2:45 p.m. EDT 1:45 EST**  
**NBC Mike Perry WEAF WCY WEEK**  
WIID WWA WTR WCSH WRC  
NBC-Richard Maxwell Tennor WJZ  
WMAT WMAR WHAM WRC  
WPXA Sunshine Program

**3:00 p.m. EDT 2:00 EST**  
**★ NBC—Radio Guid Thomas A**  
Bracket #12 AMAL WMAR KDKA  
WHAM WPYA WBZ  
CBS Four Seasons WBAB WOKD  
WPAZ WWSN WAAB WCAU  
NE Directors Camr Trip WEAF WFJ  
WP AFTH WOSH WTIC WCY  
WTIV  
WNS Bar ... Cane  
WOP Ann ...

**3:15 p.m. EDT 2:15 EST**  
**NL ... .. NEAF WEFL**  
WSTL WTC WTCT  
CBS—Self Per Musick WBAB  
WMAT WBSY WMOT WJAZ WAAP  
Woy-Henry Hennes sketch  
WWW-Leslie Edwards soprano  
WLD Dr ... .. Health Club

**3:30 p.m. EDT 2:30 EST**  
**S ... .. WFAT**  
WCI TV WGJ WKLV WTTT  
WHII  
Abs ... .. Extra WIF  
A ... ..  
A ... ..  
**3:45 p.m. EDT 2:45 EST**  
**Ch ... .. WAV** WAAB  
W ... .. WK WKM  
W ... .. Fred  
W ... .. and Joy

[illegible]

## Night

[illegible]







## Programs for Tuesday, September 11

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

[illegible][illegible]

## Afternoon

12:00 Noon EDT 11:00 a.m. EST  
NBC - Films and Hall songs WJZ  
KDKA WBAL WBVA  
CBS - *Love of Life* Experience WABC  
WMAZ WDFW WCAU WJAS WJSA  
WOR  
ABC - *Let's Make a Musical Time* WIP  
WBZ - News  
WLW - Morning Hit Lites  
WOR - Do You Know?  
12:15 p.m. EDT 11:15 a.m. EST  
NBC - *Music Notes* WJZ WBAL  
WMAZ WBVA KDKA  
CBS - *Love of Life* WABC  
WMAZ WJAS WJSA WCAU WDFW  
ABC - *Home Boy and Sassafras*  
WEAF WFLA WFLC WFTS  
WBZ - *Love of Life* WMAZ  
WJSA WJAS WJSA WJSA  
WFLA WFLA WFLA  
WHAM - *Love of Life* WJSA  
WMAZ WJAS WJSA  
WMAZ WJAS WJSA  
12:30 p.m. EDT 11:30 a.m. EST  
NBC - *Love of Life* WJZ WBAL  
WMAZ WJAS WJSA WJSA WMAZ  
CBS - *Love of Life* WABC  
WMAZ WJAS WJSA WJSA WJSA  
NBC - *Love of Life* WJZ WBAL  
WMAZ WJAS WJSA WJSA WJSA  
WMAZ WJAS WJSA  
ABC - *Love of Life* WIP  
WFLA - *Love of Life* WJSA  
WJSA - *Love of Life*  
WMAZ - *Love of Life* WJSA  
WBZ - *Love of Life* WJZ WBAL  
12:45 p.m. EDT 11:45 a.m. EST  
NBC - *Love of Life* WJZ WBAL  
WMAZ WJAS WJSA WJSA WJSA

[illegible][illegible]

## Night

6:00 p.m. EDT 5:00 EST  
ABC Do you like the way we do it? WJZ  
WBZ WBAL WBWM WMAZ  
CBS - Back Roads and the Twenty  
First Century WABC WAB WCAU  
WAS WBVA  
AB - Are you a...? WIP  
hDRA - The 5:30 sketch  
WCNH - News 10 - News, sports  
WEEI - The 5:30 sketch  
WY - Evening News  
WBZ - The 5:30 sketch  
WAC - News  
WVA - The 5:30 sketch  
5:15 p.m. EDT 5:15 EST  
CBS - The 5:30 sketch  
WBZ - The 5:30 sketch  
AB - The 5:30 sketch WJZ  
WBZ - The 5:30 sketch  
WVA - The 5:30 sketch  
AB - The 5:30 sketch WIP  
hDRA - The 5:30 sketch  
WBZ - The 5:30 sketch  
WCNH - The 5:30 sketch  
WAC - The 5:30 sketch  
WBZ - The 5:30 sketch

[illegible]























## Programs for Friday, September 14

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

[illegible]

10 30 a.m. EDT 9 30 EST  
NBC—Judy Canine, Corinne WJZ WHAL  
WHAM—AMAL KDKA WJVA WBZ  
CBS—News Muz W AL WIAS  
ABC—Arthur WJZ  
CBS—The Voice of the WABC WABC  
WGY—WJAN WMAI WJKA WJSV  
NBC—News Muz WJAF WJSH  
WRC—WJTB WFI  
NBC—The White House WEAF WRC  
WJH—WJTB WFI  
WFEE—The City Is Organized  
WGY—Markets Street  
WJW—Jack Bar and Musical Group  
WOR—The House of Foods  
10 45 a.m. EDT 9 45 EST  
ABC—Randy Crocker WEAF WEEI  
WJH WFI WGY WRC WJVA  
WJZ  
CBS—News Muz WABC  
CBS—The Three Stars WABC WCAU  
WJH WJTB WMAI WJSV  
NBC—News Muz WJZ WMAL  
KDKA WBZ WBAL  
NBC—Randy Crocker WJZ WMAL  
KDKA  
WBAL—Singing with Peggy Randall  
WJZ—James Jay James  
WHAM—Hour and a Half Macy Free-  
dom  
11 00 a.m. EDT 10 00 EST  
NBC—Morning Parade WEAF WGY  
WEEI WJTB WJTB WFI  
CBS—The City Is Organized WAB WOKO  
WMAI WJTB WCAU WJAN WJSV  
NBC—The Morning Parade WJZ WMAL  
KDKA WBZ WBAL WJVA  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
WJW—The City Is Organized  
WRC—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
11 15 a.m. EDT 10 15 EST  
CBS—The City Is Organized WABC  
WMAI WJTB WMAI WJTB WMAI  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
WJW—The City Is Organized  
WRC—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
11 30 a.m. EDT 10 30 EST  
CBS—The City Is Organized WABC  
WMAI WJTB WMAI WJTB WMAI  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
WJW—The City Is Organized  
WRC—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
11 45 a.m. EDT 10 45 EST  
CBS—The City Is Organized WABC WJAS  
WJTB WMAI  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
WJW—The City Is Organized  
WRC—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
Afternoon  
12 00 Noon EDT 11 00 a.m. EST  
NBC—The City Is Organized WEAF WJH  
WJTB WMAI  
CBS—The City Is Organized WABC  
WMAI WJTB WMAI WJTB WMAI  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
WJW—The City Is Organized  
WRC—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
12 15 p.m. EDT 11 15 a.m. EST  
ABC—The City Is Organized WEAF WJH  
WJTB WMAI  
CBS—The City Is Organized WABC  
WMAI WJTB WMAI WJTB WMAI  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
WJW—The City Is Organized  
WRC—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
12 30 p.m. EDT 11 30 a.m. EST  
NBC—The City Is Organized WJZ WHAM  
WMAI WJTB WMAI WJTB WMAI  
CBS—The City Is Organized WABC  
WMAI WJTB WMAI WJTB WMAI  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
WJW—The City Is Organized  
WRC—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
12 45 p.m. EDT 11 45 a.m. EST  
ABC—The City Is Organized WJZ WMAL  
WMAI WJTB WMAI WJTB WMAI  
KDKA—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized  
WJW—The City Is Organized  
WRC—The City Is Organized  
WJH—The City Is Organized

## WIP-RADIO GUIDE PRESENTS

[illegible]

We All Love the Pickard Family

[illegible][illegible]











# Buried Alive

(Continued from Page 9)

place in the Orosco yard. "But look," said Michael Savato, "the blinds are drawn in the house." "So Orosco does not intend to return soon," Mrs. Angulo added. "If ever," said Mrs. Savato. "I go to telephone the police!" said Mrs. Angulo. And picking up her skirts, she ran. Two hours later, a bored sheriff's deputy, summoned by her call, sank a spade into a square of loose earth. Five minutes later the same deputy, but no longer bored, phoned headquarters. "Are you sure it was a body?" asked Police Captain William Bright. "Yes—although I didn't uncover it completely," said the deputy. "I didn't want to disturb possible clues. And say, we've got to act fast on this. The neighbors figure Orosco is heading for Mexico." "That's where he would be heading," the Captain said. "Because he knows that once he crosses the border, he's safe. We can't bring him back." Two minutes later, the police radio alarm went out: "Calling all cars . . . calling all cars . . . Wanted, Angel Orosco, probably 30 years old, travelling in a Ford sedan with five children and some baggage, chiefly suitcases. He is five feet ten, and has a moustache. The children range in age from three to twelve years. Please cover Calexico, Nogales, Tia Juana . . . Calling all—" Meanwhile, with siren screaming, a police car whirled out to the trim Orosco bungalow. Policemen leaped from it. Busy shovels threw the loose sand out of the hole. And then— Hardened as they have to be to scenes of suffering, the police looked at one another in horror.

Coming Next Week:

## The Truth About Eddie Cantor By Ida Cantor

*His Wife Tells How He Wooed and Won Her—How He Gets His Way in Major Situations—Whether He's a Comedian at Home—and Many More Intimacies Never Before Revealed.*

### "Too Fast to Buck"

*One Economist Who Turned Burglar Didn't Count on the Speed or the Effectiveness of the Washington, D. C. Police—or on the Value of Radio as the Defender of Law. Another Fact Story in the Thrilling Series, "Calling All Cars."*

All in an Issue Packed with Feature Stories of the Stars

"God in heaven!" exclaimed one burly officer. "He buried her alive. Look—how she bled into the sand!"

"How she twisted!" said another. "Suffocated!"

More urgent now, was the radio voice: "Hold Angel Orosco for murder. Hold Angel Orosco for murder. Please watch all border points and highways as this wanted man is believed heading for Mexico. Hold for murder."

Along the border, up and down the roads, this message flashed into patrol-cars, police stations, even into those private homes where adventurous-minded folk listen to the unrehearsed drama of police broadcasts.

It flashed into the automobile-radio of Fred Smith, a travelling salesman, who was driving south to the border. Smith is not his real name; that was not made public.

"A murderer!" exclaimed Smith. He had heard the first message also. "So that's

why they want that guy." He stepped on the accelerator. "Funny if I should see him," he mused. "But I won't. Nothing like that ever happens to me." But just the same, he began to watch the road.

He overhauled three Ford sedans—peered at each as he passed it. Then he began to overtake a fourth, going fast. A baby face peered through the back window. Smith passed the car. He saw that it was loaded with suit-cases and bundles and children. And—the driver was a swarthy individual with drooping black moustaches!

Smith zoomed ahead. For once he hoped to meet a speed cop. But he reached the next town without interruption; there he dashed into the police station.

"Say!" he shouted, with the zeal and enthusiasm of an amateur detective who actually has found a clue, "that guy Angelo what's-his-name is on his way to this town!"

When the police finally found out what the breathless salesman was trying to say, they sent out a patrol car and picked Orosco up just inside the town limits . . .

At the trial, little Amelio cried as he told what his father had done to Catalina. They sent Angel to San Quentin for life. The children went to orphanages and poor Catalina to a cemetery.

"They will not give Baby Luis his goat's milk regularly," sobbed Angel as they led him away. "He will get thin."

Now, when he has no prison work to do, Orosco sits and stares. He is a quiet, tractable prisoner. But one thing he hates. When other prisoners in the cell block listen to the radio, Angel stuffs cotton in his ears. He cannot stand this gringo radio.

In Next Week's Issue of  
RADIO GUIDE

### 'Too Fast to Buck'

When a college-trained man comes to the end of his rope and turns to crime to make his living, anything might happen. In this thrilling factual crime-detective story, nearly everything does. The records of the Washington, D. C. Police Department yielded the facts in the absorbing "Calling All Cars" story you will find in Radio Guide, out next week, dated Week Ending September 22.

## Theme Songs That Click

Long, Long Ways From Home," the theme song of "Bar X Days and Nights," now heard over the WABC-Columbia network every Thursday from 9 to 9:30 p. m. EDT, was written by the star and director of the program, Carson Robison, while steeped in the contrasting moods of happy sentimentality and gnawing depression.

In 1932, Carson was in attendance at the wild west rodeo in Madison Square Garden, New York, when he was inspired to write "Long, Long Ways From Home." Although Carson found only the tanbark of the Garden under the hoofs of his horse, he visualized himself streaking across the plains to make his home range.

## SPARE RIBS

Hear Him Take Out the  
"ALKA SELTZER SPECIAL"



Every Saturday Night  
On The

## NATIONAL BARN DANCE

America's Big Hour  
Radio Show

COAST TO COAST

Over 40 Radio Artists, including The Cumberland Ridge Runners, Maple City Four, Lulu Belle, Spare Ribs, Linda Parker, Hoosier Hot Shots, Louise Massey, Mac and Bob and The Westerners. A whole hour of old time dancing and singing, rustic rhythm, mirth and melody. Brought to you direct from WLS, Chicago, through the NBC Blue Network over Stations

**WJZ-WBZ**  
10:30 P.M., E.D.T.

SUBSCRIBE to  
RADIO GUIDE

## ASTHMA HAY FEVER BRONCHIAL

SUFFERING OVERCOME—Quickly, Safely!

AMA-GON, successful new California home treatment, overcomes suffering caused by paroxysms of Asthma, Hay Fever and Bronchial Irritations. Absolutely SAFE for young or old. AMA-GON quickly overcomes those awful wheezing, choking sensations and enables you to breathe FREELY, EASILY again. Promotes sound, restful sleep. We want YOU to prove its value to YOURSELF WITHOUT RISKING ONE CENT.

**ACCEPT 8-DAY TRIAL OFFER**  
AMA-GON LABORATORIES  
Dept. J-12, 1100 N. Vermont, Los Angeles, California.  
Accept 8-DAY TRIAL OFFER, and FREE Illustrated 16-page book about Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchial Irritations WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_



Sleeps Soundly NOW!

"I suffered 15 yrs. with Bronchial Asthma paroxysms," wrote Mrs. R. Chavez, 280 S. Palm Street, Ventura, Calif. "Tried everything without relief. After using 14 bottles of AMA-GON I feel like a new person. Got rid of my awful suffering and now sleep soundly all night long."

MAIL  
COUPON  
NOW FOR  
TRIAL  
OFFER AND  
FREE  
BOOK

Presented by the makers of  
**RCA Cunningham Radiotron**

Make this  
**Your Saturday Night Party!**

**RADIO CITY  
STUDIO  
PARTY**

Saturday Evening Sept. 15, and every Saturday thereafter from 9:00 till 9:30 E.D.T. over WJZ and N.B.C. Blue Network.

**Hear the Big Stars of Your Favorite Programs**  
Their favorite acts . . . intimate glimpses of their real lives.  
Fun . . . music . . . quick sparkling flashes from John B. Kennedy, famous author and commentator.

**John B. Kennedy**  
World famous interviewer and commentator. Host to Radio City Studio Party.

**Frank Black**  
The leader of the eighteen piece Radio City Studio Party Orchestra.

**Tune In and Join the Fun!**

Presented by the makers of  
**RCA Cunningham Radiotron**

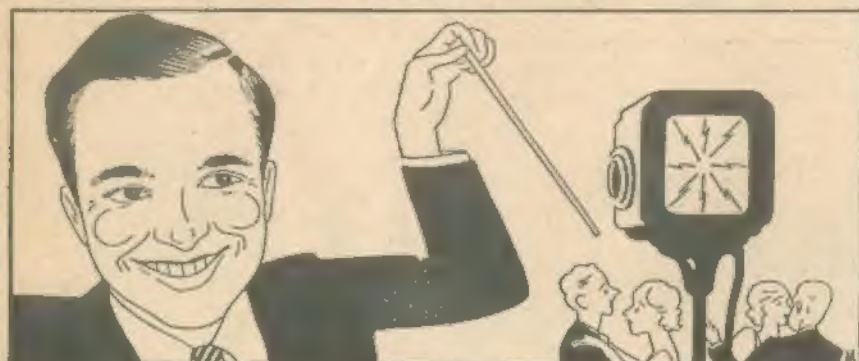


**RADIO GUIDE** is paying  
**\$100 A WEEK**  
 FOR LAST LINES TO

# RADIO JINGLES

*try your skill—it's Free!*

CAN YOU WRITE A LAST LINE FOR THIS?



There was a young fellow from Wheeling,  
 Who thought Wayne King's music appealing;  
 He tuned in his set,  
 Said, "Here's my best bet,

*Write your last line here*

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## Winners of Jingle No. 5

Three sisters named Boswell, one day  
 Sang songs in a new sort of way.  
 An announcer who heard,  
 Said, "Now you take my word."

**1st Prize \$25** A. G. Shea  
 Glyndon, Minn.  
*"These notes will draw interest, I'll say!"*

**2nd Prize \$15** Charlotte C. Webb  
 Paterson, N. J.  
*"Those belles have appeal that's okay."*

**3rd Prize \$10** Leon D. Skala  
 Pasadena, Calif.  
*"Each Queen takes the 'jack'  
 out of play."*

### \$5.00 Prizes:

Mrs. B. A. Bright Port Arthur, Ont.	William O. McAbee Seattle, Wash.
Agnes E. Higgins Corona, L. I., N. Y.	Floyd O. Pollard Cleveland, O.
Miles A. Keneffek West Riverside, Calif.	Orpah M. Le Gro Altoona, Pa.
Mrs. J. M. Schaeberle York, Pa.	Hilda J. Martin Philadelphia, Pa.
Arnold M. Cowan Queens Village, N. Y.	Clare Punckey New Orleans, La.

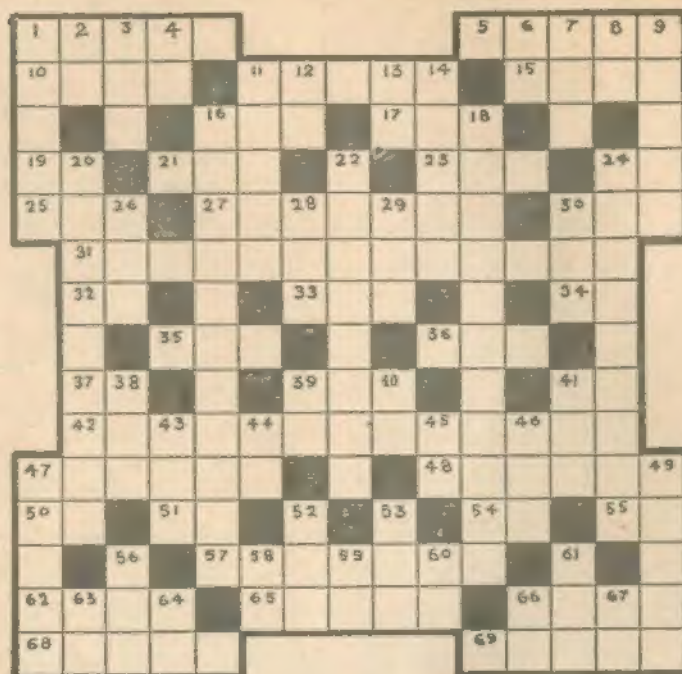
Can YOU write a last line as clever as  
 these? Write one for the Jingle printed in  
 the coupon. Send it to "Jingles," Radio  
 Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago. \$100  
 IN REAL CASH is being paid EVERY WEEK  
 to the persons who send in the best answers.  
 No hard work to do—no subscriptions to sol-  
 cit. Just fun for you—and a chance to win  
 some ready money.

Another Jingle in Next Week's

# Radio Guide

AMERICA'S WEEKLY OF PROGRAMS and PERSONALITIES

## Radio Guide's X-Word Puzzle



The solution to this puzzle will be published in next week's issue, in which you will find another absorbing puzzle

### DEFINITIONS

#### HORIZONTAL

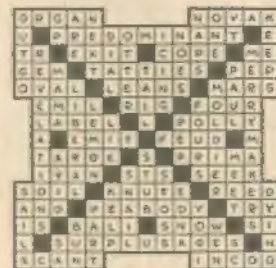
- 1—Dried grass
- 5—Grace Allen's George
- 10—The cry of an owl
- 11—Less perilous
- 15—Swimming tank
- 16—Kitchen utensil
- 17—Rent
- 19—Home of a radio-famous wizard
- 21—A dance step
- 23—Anger
- 24—Missouri (abbrev.)
- 25—Upper part
- 27—City in Italy
- 30—Tear
- 31—Recollections
- 32—On top of
- 33—Cow talk
- 34—Constant flow of electric current
- 35—Delve
- 36—Afternoons (abbrev.)
- 37—Southeast
- 39—Resting place
- 41—He bought the radio, but listens to the programs the others like
- 42—Recorded radio programs
- 47—Sheep producing highest-quality wool
- 48—Stern
- 50—Conjunction
- 51—Initials of opera and radio soprano
- 54—Each (abbrev.)
- 55—East Indies (abbrev.)

- 57—Travelled along the margin of
- 62—Surface coverage
- 65—Some like this porridge hot
- 66—Path
- 68—River of forgetfulness
- 69—Unit of weight

#### VERTICAL

- 1—Slang for "proceed"
- 2—Toward
- 3—Plunder
- 4—In
- 6—Higher
- 7—Stick
- 8—Negative reply
- 9—Sailing vessel
- 11—Mephistopheles
- 12—Indefinite article
- 13—Elevated railway (abbrev.)
- 14—Queen (French)
- 15—Feminine natives of French capital
- 18—Sent forth (radio programs)
- 20—Founder of ancient Persian religion
- 22—Middle layer of skin
- 24—Unfortunate occurrence
- 25—Mightier than the sword
- 28—Vigor
- 29—Non-commissioned officer
- 30—Ruddy
- 38—Make a mistake
- 39—Before Christ
- 40—Short for Diana
- 41—South Sea Delicacy
- 43—Purpose
- 44—As
- 45—Postscript
- 46—Man's Name, Hebrew for "watchful"
- 47—Rule of conduct
- 49—Mountainous Asiatic country
- 52—Bird
- 53—Saints (abbrev.)
- 56—Fondle
- 58—Unpleasant army duty
- 59—Sun god
- 60—Electrical engineer (abbr.)
- 61—Hearing organ
- 63—Regarding
- 64—Exclamation
- 66—Musical note
- 67—New England (abbrev.)

### SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S X-WORD PUZZLE



## Wave Marks

**Curtain.** Don Lee, 54, head of the broadcasting system bearing his name, died in Los Angeles August 30. An organizing genius, Lee branched from automobile distributing to radio; built up one of the few individually-owned networks in the United States; affiliated it with Columbia.

**Relay.** While Carlyle Stevens, WABC-Columbia announcer, anxious-fathered it in front of the mike a few days ago, a baby son was born. They printed a sign and held it up in front of Carlyle so that he could read the news. He read, smiled, but never faltered in his announcing. 1934 model papa!

**Relay.** Unlike Carlyle, Hugh Conrad (another CBS announcer) was pacing a hospital floor when came news of a baby girl added to his family circle.

**Meter.** Richard Maxwell, NBC tenor who birthdays September 12, is a Phi Beta Kappa who sports A.B., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees. He sang bass till Galli-Curci told him he should try tenor. He

went broke in real estate—sold his holdings for a song—and now sells songs for real money.

**Meter.** Jimmy Wallington, who adds a year September 15, had a hard time making up his mind about a career. He started out to be a minister, switched to medicine, again to geology, again to singing and now is NBC's ace announcer. He likes swimming, golf and Cantor—but hates to be called Eddie's stooge.

**Meter.** Margaret West, WEAF's Texas Cowgirl, becomes 25 on September 10. She loves horses, hates cars, owns a ranch.

**Meter.** Ann Seymour, NBC dramatic actress, admits a September 11 birthday, won't tell the year. Her family has been on the stage for seven generations. She loves dancing, swimming and tennis; her ambition is to write a successful play.

**Meter.** Bob Haring, WMCA studio orchestra director, recently celebrated his 38th birthday. He's a big man with a big smile.



# VINCENT LOPEZ

*As He Appears Under the*

## MIKEroscope

*By Lee Mortimer*

Vincent Lopez is a fan for numerology. He's been studying the occult science for years, until by now he knows as much about numbers as anyone alive. Numerology has done him loads of good, he finds. One lucky break was that he didn't have to change his own name. The letters in it were auspicious, or whatever it's called, and so he succeeded in life without having to make any major alterations in his monicker.

Vincent is 37 years old. He's been stocky all his life; he weighed ten pounds at birth. His father was Portugese, his mother Spanish, and a baroness at that. But he and his one sister, Marie, both are Americans. They were born in Brooklyn.

The quietude of his early surroundings have pursued him to the present. Although he earns his living by leading an orchestra and playing music in crowded night resorts, his favorite pastime is sitting at home, alone, listening to phonograph records. His favorite recording orchestra is Vincent Lopez.

Perhaps his music is so good because he's ambidextrous. He can hold the baton in either hand, but usually it's the right. The orchestra watches his left, however, because the right is a sham. He really directs with his left.

Vince's first Broadway job was at the old Pekin Restaurant, where for \$35 a week he played the piano while the orchestra rested. Now his earnings are around \$10,000 a week.

The orchestra leader is an exception among successes. He doesn't say to interviewers, "The way to reach the top is through hard work!" In fact Vincent doesn't believe in hard work. He rises at 10 a. m., spends a few hours in his office answering mail and holding auditions, then takes it easy for the rest of the day till it's time to play at his night spot.

Lopez introduced the rumba to America. He prides himself on the achievement.

He is sentimental—in the same way as is a young girl just out of finishing school who saves old programs, trinkets, letters, and dance cards. Lopez also keeps a diary.

Vincent has been married once. Also divorced. Girls go for him in a big way. He goes for girls in the same way. He prefers blondes. But he doesn't like girls who smoke.

If you want to get in good standing with Lopez, tell him he looks like a lifeguard. You see, he has a naturally pallid complexion; tries to get sun-tanned—beach in summer, alpine lamp in winter. If a girl raves about his tan, he falls like that!

He is five feet six inches tall. Weighs about 160. Is conscious of his shortness, so he wears shoes with high heels. Wears dark clothes, even in summer, and dislikes people who wear light clothes.

A canard about him is that he closes his eyes like a love-sick swain kissing his sweetheart while broadcasting. He really doesn't close his eyes; it's just that he has such long eyelashes that from a distance his eyes always look closed. He doesn't even close his eyes while kissing.

Lopez seldom laughs, but occasionally smiles. He wears glasses while reading. Myopia is his trouble. Can't recognize friends on the street because he's near-sighted.

He studied the guitar, mandolin and piano as a kid. At the age of 13 he went to St. Mary's School, Dunkirk, N. Y. Family wanted him to be a "man of the cloth." Studied there for three and a half years, after which he played the piano in a Brooklyn cafe.

His favorite food is dessert. Often he starts a meal with sweets. He's crazy about honey, preferring it out of the comb. His middle name is Joseph.



VINCENT LOPEZ

RADIO GUIDE will place some celebrity Under the MIKEroscope every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in a full set. This is the twenty-second. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to RADIO GUIDE a complete collection of 52, will be given an album containing the entire group of photographs as reproduced here; the photographic reproductions will be in fine finish.

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKEroscope in RADIO GUIDE next week.

## The Stars Grow Up

*By Charles Remson*

Very few radio stars ever wanted to be policemen, or firemen, or Red Cross nurses. In fact, a recent survey has shown that ether entertainers as a class have felt few of the typical ambitions of childhood, with the exception—of course—of the desire to go on the stage.

However, the childhood longings which radio stars did cherish, have been realized—in a surprisingly large number of cases.

For example, Jessica Dragonette used to dream of singing in a crowded theater.

"The details of the theater seldom were clear," Miss Dragonette tells. "But always there was that stimulating suggestion of people—crowds and crowds of people, listening to me. I remember that from the very first—from my earliest childhood—it had the effect of making me feel that I must do my best, so as not to disappoint all those dream-people of mine."

How completely this girlhood ambition has been realized! For now Miss Dragonette sings to far vaster

crowds of listeners than ever she could have dreamed existed in those pre-radio days. And indeed it is the audience, and not the theater of the girlhood Jessica's dream, which has become important.

To take a part in a moving picture—just one movie, before she died—was the babyhood desire of Patti Pickens, youngest member of the NBC team of Pickens Sisters. Again, the ambition has met success—in this case, even before the artist is out of her girlhood. For Patti, at seventeen, already has appeared in one feature picture and several short subjects.

Directly in line with her radio work was the girlhood urge of Frances Langford. A college student at the age of sixteen, Frances longed to become a radio singer. One year later she became a network star.

In fact, something like nine out of every ten of the celebrities you hear in your loudspeaker, have made

good their childhood dreams—to some extent at least. Is that because they have more talent and greater determination than most people? Only a psychologist can answer that question.

Gladys Swarthout and Doris Doe both had visions of success in opera. Jack Pearl used to love "playing theater" as a boy—and the part he picked himself was always that of the comedian. He wanted to be what he since has become.

Jack Benny never aspired to play Shakespeare. Instead, he always admired most the witty men and women who can make others laugh. Today he is one of them.

But on the other hand, there are a few radio stars who have achieved success in ways strikingly different from those they first selected. Madam Sylvia wanted to be an opera singer, like her mother before her. She is featured as a health and beauty adviser. John Charles Thomas wanted to be a doctor. Lanny Ross, who sang his way through Yale, once had bright dreams of using his speaking voice to sway juries!



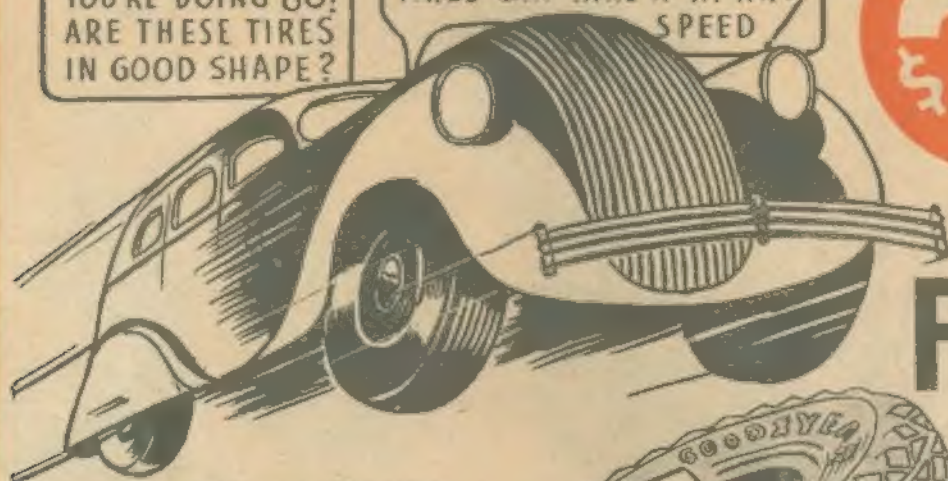
# WORLD'S GREATEST TIRE BARGAINS

## NEW LOW PRICES ON

### GOOD YEAR, Firestone, FISK U.S., Goodrich, and others...

HEY, FELLOW!  
YOU'RE DOING 80!  
ARE THESE TIRES  
IN GOOD SHAPE?

I'LL SAY SO, YORK RECONSTRUCTED  
TIRES CAN "TAKE IT" AT ANY  
SPEED



#### THIS 12 MONTH GUARANTY BOND REALLY PROTECTS YOU

Drive YORK TIRES at high speed over the roughest roads. These tires can really "take it." Thousands of hard drivers vouch for their unusual stamina. Users say, "York Tires stand more punishment and give more service than other reconstructed tires." Try a set yourself. See how the original York process of reconstruction gives to tires the stubborn kind of toughness you know you can depend upon. 18 years of success back of every tire we sell. Then . . . you have the additional protection of the iron clad York Guaranty Bond . . . a 12 month written guarantee of 100% satisfactory service . . . you to be the sole judge. No "ifs" or "ands". No arguments. Don't wait. While York prices are lowest in history, get your order in and enjoy these supreme values. Select either of the two big premiums offered elsewhere on this page. Send at once while this offer lasts.

**Guaranty Bond**  
12 MONTH  
WRITTEN  
GUARANTY BOND  
WITH EACH TIRE

29x4.40-21

**\$2.15**

NEVER BEFORE  
SUCH QUALITY AT  
SUCH AMAZINGLY  
LOW PRICES

30x4.50-21

**\$2.40**

**FREE** TIRE GAUGE OR BRAND  
NEW TUBE WITH EACH  
TWO TIRES ORDERED

#### BALLOON TIRES

Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21	\$2.15	\$0.85		30x5.25-20	\$2.95	\$1.15	
29x4.50-20	2.35	0.85		31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	
30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85		28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95		29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15	
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95		30x5.00-18	3.40	1.15	
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05		31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15	
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05		32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25	
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15		33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25	
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15		32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35	

#### REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	\$2.25	\$0.65	32x4 1/4	\$3.35	\$1.15
30x3 1/2	2.35	0.75	33x4 1/4	3.45	1.15
31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4 1/4	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	0.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	0.85	35x5	3.95	1.55

#### HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5 Truck	\$4.25	\$1.95
34x5 Truck	4.25	2.00
32x6 8 ply Truck	7.95	2.75
32x6 10 ply Truck	8.95	2.75
36x6 Truck	9.95	3.95
34x7 Truck	10.95	3.95
36x8 Truck	12.45	4.25
40x8 Truck	15.95	4.95

#### TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
600-20	\$3.75	\$1.65
700-20	5.95	2.95
750-20	6.95	3.75
825-20	11.45	1.05

ALL  
OTHER  
SIZES  
IN  
STOCK

DEALERS  
WANTED

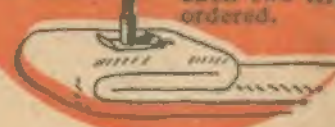


**FREE!**

A  
marvel-  
ous Jiffi  
Tire Gauge  
that takes  
pressure thru  
side wall of  
tire.

No Fuss.  
No Dirt.

OR Brand new  
Heavy Gauge  
circular mould-  
ed tube with  
each two tires  
ordered.



#### ORDER NOW AND SAVE MONEY

Send only \$1.00 deposit with each tire ordered. (\$4.00 deposit on each Truck Tire.) We ship balance C.O.D. Deduct 5 per cent if cash is sent in full with order. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED. Tires failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.

**YORK TIRE AND RUBBER CO.** 3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave.,  
Dept. 3333-A Chicago, Illinois